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Pro-Slavery.

In this Department we give place to such extracts from the Pro-Slavery Press, North and South, as serve best to illustrate the character of Slavery and the spirit of its champions and apologists.

DR. CHEEVER AND "CHURCH MENDICANCY."

From The Christian Advocate and Journal.

On the heels of the Harper's Ferry troubles has followed no little local agitation in New York respecting a letter which Rev. Mr. Spurgeon has published in London, as from Rev. Dr. Cheever in this city, seconding the appeals of a Miss Johnstone for charitable aid to Dr. Cheever's Church, and reflecting apparently on all other Churches in this community. Dr. Cheever defends himself with his usual pertinacity and rancor. The papers, anti-slavery ones as well as others, protest against his course without mercy. His trustees repudiate his pleas and the begging appeals of his female agent. He replies again in characteristic style. It is obvious enough that this characteristic style of the redoubtable Doctor is the cause of all his embarrassments. He mistakes audacity for courage, and acrimony for argument. There are anti slavery men who plead for the slave with a hundred fold more effect than he, but who have no such troubles—whose congregations do not run down, and who find no necessity to send beggars about the world to support them. Few men, we believe, have done more harm to the genuine anti-slavery cause than Dr. Cheever.

He is one of the contributors to the New York *Independent*, but that paper itself finds it necessary to oppose him. In its last number it recommends him even to "study the dignity and courtesy" of old John Brown. Of his charges against his ministerial brethren it says: "Dr. Cheever's condemnation is far too sweeping and indiscriminate. He does not hear his brethren preach. Does he then keep a corps of informers in neighboring Churches? Or because men do not advertise their sermons and create an excitement by their preaching, does he infer that they are faithless? Possibly his example will stimulate some to greater fidelity; but we hope he will not insist that they shall prove their fidelity by the extent of their failure!"

Henry Ward Beecher has certainly exerted a much wider influence against slavery than Dr. Cheever, and yet with no such "failure." But doubtless Mr. Beecher himself is a heretic in the Doctor's estimation, especially now that Mr. Beecher, while commending the undeniable nobility of "old John Brown's" character, has nevertheless condemned his insane measures, and proclaimed that the salvation of the anti-slavery movement depends upon an adherence to the Pauline instructions about the "great evil." Meanwhile much more importance is attached to this case, we believe, than it deserves; Dr. Cheever represents only himself; the anti-slavery clergy of the North do not hold themselves responsible for his erratic course. He seems to be in perpetual combats with his own people, and, in one of the noblest and most central Churches in the city, has apparently fought down himself and his cause. His example, however, will do good; it teaches that passion and vituperation are not the weapons of a humane cause; that calm good sense, the temper and logic of the New Testament, on this as on all subjects, must be depended on by good men for the ultimate triumph of their aims.

A WIDE DIFFERENCE.

From The N. Y. Observer.

A CORRESPONDENT in the South writes to us in reference to the Harper's Ferry invasion. After expressing his strong desire that the Abolitionists of the North might be brought to a better mind, he says:

> "This does not imply that they be pro-slavery—not at all: there is as wide a difference between anti-slavery and abolitionism as there is between light and darkness. We do not ask them to be pro-slavery; all we ask is that they do not promulgate the abominable doctrines of abolitionism."

This distinction we have long made, and it ought to be kept prominently before the public mind, that no man's position may be misunderstood. There are no *pro-slavery* men at the North, except those who have been made such by the course of the Abolitionists. Extremes beget extremes. If the John Brown madness is defended, it drives those who condemn it into an apparent support of the institution which John Brown would destroy. The Abolitionists have made thousands of pro-slavery men, North and South. But the distinction our correspondent makes must be kept steadily in view. Every honest man and every patriot in this country will condemn the horrible wickedness of the Harper's Ferry invasion; and this condemnation does not commit any man to the defence of slavery. We may deplore its existence on moral, social and political grounds; we may earnestly desire that, as "a root of bitterness," it may be taken out of our national soil; we may pray day and night that God will open a door of deliverance for our country from the intestine dangers that arise from the antagonism of interest and principle which the existence of slavery begets and perpetuates; but this anti-slavery sentiment, wide-spread, sincere and persistent as it is, must not prevent the patriotic and Christian people of the North from demonstrating their utter abhorrence of the murderous and fanatical crimes of John Brown and his fellow-conspirators. The people of the South do not ask us to sympathize with them in *slaveholding*, but they deserve our sympathy when fanatical men like Brown and Smith, Howe and Fred Douglass meditate and perpetrate deeds of rapine and blood. Whatever may be our aversion to slavery, let us not, by ridicule of one party or mistaken sympathy with another, for a moment seem to countenance the crimes of fanatical Abolitionists.

THE ONLY WAY.

Communication in The Richmond Whig.

OUR city is, as usual, at this season of the year, filled with Drummers, from the North, soliciting orders for all sorts of merchandise.

Let them be told that we buy no more goods until political affairs assume a different aspect. They will probably reply to us that they are conservative men. *Tell them to go home and show it.*

Those who send them are leading merchants, who will not open their mouths against the raging fanaticism of the North, though it threaten oceans of blood. Touch them on the pocket nerve, and see if they won't open their eyes. Let their Drummers go back and say, "We can't do a thing at the South."

Let our mails carry them no orders. Let firm after firm smash, and manufactories stop, that are now sustained by Southern demand. Merchants! we will lose nothing by this course, in a pecuniary way, and may contribute much to the salvation of the country from impending ruin. Large stocks are, at best, in such times, no good investment.

One word more—though some of these Drummers are well known here, and believed to be respectable men, yet others may be Abolitionist incendiaries in disguise, bent on mischief. And, besides all this, the business of selling by samples, though it is patronized by many of our best merchants, is, at all times, illegal, unless carried on under a license, and everybody who knows anything about the matter knows that not one in one hundred of these Drummers ever thinks of taking out a license.

A MERCHANT.

SOUTHERN CHIVALRY.

From The Wythville (Va.) Telegraph.

A PHILANTHROPIC pilgrim from the land of wooden nutmegs, supposed to be an agent of some Abolition Aid Society or Underground Railroad, was arrested the other day in the neighboring County of Pulaski, and dealt with in the most summary manner by his captors; one of the most influential and worthy citizens of the county acting as Judge, Jury and Executioner. After ordering him to be hung by the neck, he very coolly proceeded to execute the sentence. Having hung him up until the "vital spark" was nearly extinct, he cut him down and gave him a breathing spell.

When sufficiently restored to undergo another swinging, he was again haltered and suspended for a few moments. After having undergone this process five times (once each for old Brown, Coppic, Cooke, Stevens and Hazlett), he was kindly permitted to retrace his steps to a more congenial clime, but not until he had been fairly admonished that if ever caught in Virginia again, he would have to take the sixth and fatal leap. It is said, by those who witnessed the whole proceeding, that when the fellow got loose, he ran like a quarter nag.

The treatment received by this scamp is but an earnest of the manner in which the people of South-Western Virginia intend to deal with all upon whom suspicion of tampering with negroes and peddling treason rests. Our people have no tolerance for the treasonable, thieving, murderous crew; and if caught lurking about our fields or negro quarters, we will have the execution of old Brown and his confederates repeatedly reënacted.

THE STANDARD.

JOHN BROWN'S INVASION.

LETTERS FROM JOHN BROWN.

TO HIS OLD TEACHER.

To the Editors of The Independent.

My aged friend, Rev. H. L. Vaill, of this place, remembers John Brown as having been under his instruction in the year 1817, at Morris Academy. He was a godly youth, laboring to recover his disadvantages of early education, in the hope of entering the ministry of the Gospel. Since then, the teacher and pupil have met but once to take "a retrospective look over the route by which God had led them." But a short time since, Mr. Vaill wrote to Brown in his prison a letter of Christian friendship, to which he has received the following heroic and sublime reply.

Has ever such an epistle been written from a condemned cell since the letter "to Timotheus," when Paul "was brought before Nero the second time"?

I have copied it faithfully from the autograph that lies before me, without the change or omission of a word, except to omit the full name of the friends to whom he sends his message.

The words in italics and capitals are so underscored in the original. The handwriting is clear and firm, but toward the end of the sheet seems to show that the sick old man's hand was growing weary. The very characters make an appeal to us for our sympathy and prayers. "His salutation with his own hand. Remember his bonds." Truly yours, L. W. BACON.

Litchfield, Ct., Nov. 21, 1859.

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson County, Va.,
November 15, 1859.

REV. H. L. VAILL—*My Dear, Steadfast Friend:* Your most kind and most welcome letter of the 8th inst. reached me in due time.

I am very grateful for all the good feeling you express, and also for the kind counsels you give, together with your prayers in my behalf. Allow me here to say, notwithstanding "my soul is amongst lions," still I believe that "God in very deed is with me." You will not, therefore, feel surprised when I tell you that I am "joyful in all my tribulations"; that I do not feel condemned of him whose judgment is just, nor of my own conscience. Nor do I feel degraded by my imprisonment, my chain, or prospect of the gallows. I have not only been (though utterly unworthy) permitted to "suffer affliction with God's own people," but have had a great many rare opportunities for "preaching *righteousness* in the great congregation." I trust it will not all be lost. The jailer (in whose charge I am) and his family, and assistants, have all been most kind; and notwithstanding he was one of the bravest of all who *fought me*, he is *now* being abused for his humanity. So far as my observation goes, none but *brave* men are likely to be *humane* to a fallen foe. "Cowards prove their *courage* by their *ferocity*." It may be done in that way with but little risk.

I wish I could write you about a few only of the interesting times I here experience with different classes of men, *clergymen* among others. Christ, the great captain of *liberty* as well as of salvation, and who began his mission, as foretold of him, by proclaiming it, saw fit to take from me a sword of steel after I had carried it for a time; but he has put another in my hand ("the sword of the Spirit"), and I pray God to make me a faithful soldier, wherever he may send me, not less on the scaffold than when surrounded by my warmest sympathizers.

My dear old friend, I do assure you I have not forgotten our last meeting, nor our retrospective look over the route by which God had then led us; and I bless his name that he has again enabled me to hear your words of cheering and comfort at a time when I, at least, am on the "brink of Jordan." See Bunyan's Pilgrim. God in infinite mercy grant us soon another meeting on the opposite shore. I have often passed under the rod of him whom I call my Father; and certainly no son needed it oftener; and yet I have enjoyed much of life, as I was enabled to discover the secret of this somewhat early. It has been in making the prosperity and happiness of others *my own;* so that really I have had a great deal of prosperity. I am very prosperous still; and looking forward to a time when "peace on earth and good will to men" shall everywhere prevail. I have no murmuring thoughts or envious feelings to fret my mind. "I'll praise my Maker with my breath."

I am an unworthy nephew of Deacon John, and I loved him much; and in view of the many choice friends I have had here, I am led the more earnestly to pray, "gather *not* my soul with the *unrighteous*."

Your assurance of the earnest sympathy of the friends in my native land is very grateful to my feelings; and allow me to say a word of comfort to them:

As I believe most firmly that God reigns, I cannot believe that anything I have *done, suffered,* or *may yet suffer, will be lost to the cause of God or of humanity.* And before I began my work at Harper's Ferry, I felt assured that in the *worst event* it would certainly PAY. I often expressed that belief; and I can now see no possible cause to alter my mind. I am not, as yet, in the *main,* at all disappointed. I have been a *good deal* disappointed as it regards *myself* in not keeping up *to my own plans;* but I now feel entirely reconciled to that, even; for God's plan was infinitely better, *no doubt,* or I should have kept to my own. Had Samson kept to his determination of not telling Delilah wherein his great strength lay, he would probably have never overturned the house. I did not tell Delilah, but I was induced to act very *contrary* to my *better judgment;* and I have lost my *two* noble boys, and other friends, if not my *two eyes.*

But "God's will, *not mine,* be done." I feel a comfortable hope that, like that erring servant of whom I have just been writing, *even I* may (through infinite mercy in Christ Jesus) yet "*die in faith.*" As to both the time and manner of my death, I have but very little trouble on that score; and *am able* to be (as you exhort) "of good cheer."

I send through you my best wishes to Mrs. W—— and her son George, and to all dear friends. May the God of the *poor and oppressed* be the God and Savior of you all. Farewell, till we *meet again.*

Your friend in truth, JOHN BROWN.

TO HIS HALF-BROTHER.

The Cleveland *Herald* has been permitted to publish the subjoined letter from Brown, addressed to a half-brother, residing in Ohio:

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson County, Va.,
Nov. 12, 1859.

DEAR BROTHER JEREMIAH: Your kind letter of the 9th inst. is received, and also one from Mr. Tilden, for both of which I am greatly obliged. You inquire, "Can I do anything for you or your family?" I would answer that my sons, as well as my wife and my daughter, are all very poor, and that anything that may hereafter be due me from my father's estate I wish paid to them, as I will endeavor *hereafter to describe,* without legal formalities to consume it all. One of my boys has been so entirely used up as very likely to be in want of comfortable clothing for the winter. I have, through the kindness of friends, fifteen dollars to send him, which I will remit shortly. If you know where to reach *him,* please send him that amount at once, as I shall remit the same *to you* by a safe conveyance. If I had a plain statement from Mr. Thompson of the state of my accounts with the estate of my father, I should then better know what to say about that matter. As it is, I have not the least memorandum left me to refer to. If Mr. Thompson will make me a statement, and charge *my dividend fully for his trouble,* I would be greatly obliged to him. In that case you can send me any remarks of your own. I am gaining in health slowly; and am *quite cheerful* in view of my approaching end, being fully persuaded that I am worth inconceivably more to *hang* than for any other purpose. God Almighty bless and save you all.

Your affectionate brother, JOHN BROWN.

P. S.—Nov. 13.—Say to my poor boys never to grieve for one moment on my account; and should many of you live to see the time when you will not blush to own your relation to old John Brown, it will not be more strange than many things that have happened. I feel a thousand times more on account of my sorrowing friends than on my own account. So far as *I am concerned,* I "count it all joy." "I have fought the good fight," and have, as I trust, "finished my course." Please show this to any of my family you may see. My love to all, and may God, in infinite mercy, for Christ's sake, bless and save you all. Your affectionate brother, J. BROWN.

TO A FRIEND IN NEW YORK.

From The Times.

A gentleman of this city, who has received the following letter from John Brown, has handed it to us for publication:

CHARLESTOWN, Jefferson Co., Va., Nov. 17, 1859.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND: I have just received your most kind and welcome letter of the 15th inst., but did not get any other from you. I am under many obligations to you, and to your father, for all the kindness you have shown me, especially since my disaster. May God and your own consciences ever be your rewarders. Tell your father that I am quite cheerful—that I do not feel myself in the least degraded by my imprisonment, my chain, or the near prospect of the gallows. *Men* cannot imprison or chain or hang the soul. I go joyfully in behalf of millions that "have no rights" that this *great and glorious,* this *Christian* Republic is "bound to respect." Strange change in morals, political as well as Christian, since 1776! I look forward to other changes to take place in God's good time, fully believing that the "fashion of this world passeth away."

Farewell. May God abundantly bless you all!

Your friend, JOHN BROWN.

THE GREAT VIRGINIA MARE'S NEST.

THE PLOT TO RESCUE JOHN BROWN—THE REVELATIONS WHICH CALLED OUT THE MILITARY.

From The Richmond Enquirer (Gov. Wise's Organ), Nov. 22.

THE information and intelligence that induced Governor Wise to move forward the troops to Charlestown so long before the execution were contained in despatches and letters which too plainly indicated a settled purpose of rescue. In the opinion of Gov. Wise the presence of a large body of well-appointed troops would advise evil-disposed persons of the folly of such an attempt, and thus be the means of preserving life. To have delayed advancing the troops would have encouraged the Abolitionists to prosecute their organization for a rescue, and enabled them to impose on the thoughtless by misrepresenting the danger, and underrating the number of troops that now guard the prisoner.

The intelligence which induced Col. Davis to telegraph for five hundred troops was communicated by a respectable and responsible citizen of Virginia just from Ohio, and whose statement was every way entitled to full faith and credit. This intelligence was not communicated to Gov. Wise, but merely the order for five hundred troops to be immediately despatched, which was promptly complied with, without inquiry as to the necessity for them.

That the public may see the fixed determination of a large portion of the North to attempt a rescue, we subjoin extracts from letters from reliable persons. From these letters we have omitted all portions that could lead to the discovery of the authors' names. We are induced to this course from a regard to the persons who have given the information. These are but selections from hundreds, from anonymous and reliable sources, which have been received. There may have been no foundation for the rumor, and we sincerely hope there is not; but we cannot read the letters received by the Executive without feeling convinced that the rescue of Old Brown is being actively planned by a well-provided organization.

The excited condition of the public mind around Charlestown, caused by these rumors, and the acts of incendiarism that have destroyed the property of the jurors, would justify an augmentation of the forces, if for no other purpose, to prevent an outraged people from seeking vengeance upon the authors of their wrongs.

Let it be remembered that these letters are from reliable persons, with names attached, and that they speak of what they know and have seen. They bring no idle and irresponsible rumor, but relate facts that cannot but convince the most incredulous that there are those in the Northern States who have been planning the rescue of John Brown. The presence of a large military force would, it was hoped, arrest this organization, convince its leaders of their folly, and show the country that Virginia will enforce the judgments of her courts.

Extract from a Letter from Lewisburg, Union County, Pa., November 15, 1859.

"As a friend to the Constitution and the Union, I feel it my duty to apprise you of a sworn, secret and lawless band of fanatical Abolitionists and Black Republicans now forming in this as well as several other counties in this State. The principal organization is in this village, and auxiliary societies exist in the neighboring towns. They call themselves 'The Noble Sons of Liberty,' and, as far as I can learn, number about five hundred in all, and are led by Captain James Smelly, *alias* 'Limber Jim'; an ultra-Abolitionist of this village. They are armed with a pair of Colt's revolvers each, and design dropping into Charlestown and the adjacent places by ones and twos, so as to avoid suspicion, and, when all are collected at Charlestown, at a certain signal, pounce upon the jail and demand the release of that old villain John Brown, now a prisoner in the hands of the judiciary of your State.

"The reason for using revolvers is that they can be carried about the person without attracting attention or exciting suspion.

"The exact time for collecting the forces of the brigands above mentioned I could not ascertain, but they will go to Charlestown in disguise, and mostly by night, which, I believe, is the plan adopted by their ringleader.

"Thus far they have observed the utmost secrecy as to the existence and object of their association, and, to avoid suspicion on the part of all outsiders here, they will leave gradually, so that their motives will not be suspected until a day or two previous to the execution of Brown. * *

"I was ushered into a large room, where, to my astonishment, I found about seventy-five persons congregated—all seemingly conversing upon some topic which they wished kept secret. * * * *

"While I was in the room, several persons were initiated and took the oath of membership."

Extract from a Letter from Enon, Clark County, Ohio.

"Although we are personally entire strangers to each other, I take the liberty of addressing a few lines to you; whether they will be of any benefit to you, or not, I know not. Since the break out of trouble at Harper's Ferry, there has been, and still continues to be, a great deal of fear and anxiety with regard to the result, and my object in addressing you is to let you know that it is the opinion of a number of our citizens that there will be a desperate effort made to save the notorious Brown from being executed, and that may be done by a sudden and tremendous rush on the guard. I will not dictate, but I think you will need a heavy and efficient guard, and well arranged and well posted; otherwise, I should be fearful of the effusion of blood; if reports be true, you may prepare for a struggle. It is reasonable to suppose that Brown, having rendered efficient service for the Republican party in Kansas and elsewhere, they will not see him swing, if they can avoid it. * * * If our anticipations are correct with regard to your having trouble on the day of execution (and it might be a rush on the prison previous to the day of execution), we would expect to see your towns, villages and hotels crowded with strangers a few days before the day of execution, all secretly armed."

Extract from a Letter from New York, November 14, 1859.

"My object in addressing you is to inform you of the existence of an organization in this city, extending to the city of Boston and the interior of this State, which has for its object the rescue of John Brown, the insurrectionist, on the day and in the event of the execution. The organization is composed exclusively of crazy Abolitionists and runaway negroes, and yet their plans are very extensive, and apparently practicable, and, if carried out, well calculated to insure the accomplishment of the object. If, however, they should fail in the attempt to release Brown, they propose to wreak their vengeance upon those who have been instrumental in securing that justice for the criminal which he so richly deserves. My informant is a man of character, and, I believe, of strict integrity, who is identified in some manner with the organization himself, though I have endeavored to dissuade him from engaging in such a perilous enterprise. All that I have learned in relation to this affair was imparted to me in confidence, but an irresistible sense of duty, and the hope that the whole affair may be frustrated (if such an object is really contemplated), constrain me to acquaint you with the facts."

Extract from a Letter from Columbia, Tenn.

"I have received a letter from a friend in the North, telling me that it is the intention of the Abolitionists to rescue old Brown and his party. I am a Northern man, but have no sympathy with these scoundrels, who would murder innocent women and children.

"The writer of the letter supposed I would keep secret everything he wrote, but he is egregiously mistaken."

Extract from a Letter from Harrisburg.

"I will reveal to you a conversation between myself and a man from this town, who has travelled recently through New York, Pennsylvania, Ohio and Illinois. His statement is this: He conversed with a man in Ohio who told him that you knew the North too well not to reprieve those men under sentence; and that if you did not reprieve them, they would certainly rescue them. He was then told there, by a man who was favorable to the South, that there was certainly a movement on foot to rescue the fugitives now under sentence. He was also told by the same person that there was a company of men, numbering 250, who had left that State under pretence of going out on a hunting excursion; but the statement was false, as their intention was to come to Virginia and skulk around until the day of the execution of the prisoners, and then to rescue them with aid from New York.

"He says the New York people are decidedly in favor of rescuing him (Brown). Consequently I think it would be right and proper to be well fortified in case of an emergency. I think it would be well to have a considerable force at Charlestown preceding the day of the execution."

JOHN BROWN "SHOT OUT OF THE CANNON OF GOD'S PROVIDENCE."

[Extract from Dr. CHEEVER'S Thanksgiving Sermon.]

Now the providence of God has upset all man's calculations. And a most remarkable thing it is, that just when the doctrines of the inviolability and sacredness of slave property had reached their culminating point of audacity and infamy, when it was becoming a political truism that there could be no right of intervention against the wrong of human slavery where it already exists, but only the right of endeavoring to prevent its extension; when some politicians even in the only party in the country imagined to possess any remnant of conscience or of principle were setting up a defence of the rights of the South to undisturbed possession of their millions of slaves, as a vested interest and right, not to be meddled with; that just at this juncture, God should have shot John Brown out of the cannon of his providence, right into the bosom of that vested interest; shot him as a bomb against it, scattering all the theories of politicians to the winds, and setting men to a new discussion, not merely of the right of the slaves themselves to assert their own freedom, but of the right and duty of all good men to help them to it, in any and every just way that God puts in their power. There is no stopping this discussion, when it pleases God that it should come. And if the fountains of the great deep of human rights are broken up here, as in the French Revolution, it were as vain to speak to the whirlwind as expect to restrain or command the blowing of such a hurricane. What God has done is but a warning of what he will do. The apparition of John Brown before the terrified court and magicians of our American Egypt is but as that of Moses, throwing down his rod to become a serpent, in comparison with the deadly plagues that are to follow.

It looks, indeed, as if God had begun his work of judgment. Long has he been calling in mercy. Years of grace, mighty revivals of religion, trials of his Church and people, by blessings infinite, by bestowing upon his Church and ministry such might of numbers, and such omnipotence of spiritual power, if they had but been faithful to him, that, united against this wickedness, they could have swept it from the land, almost as easily as the dead frogs of Egypt could have been shovelled into the Nile, when God had done with that plague. We have waited, and watched, and longed, for some fruit of the revival of God's work, some application of this spiritual power in efforts for the deliverance of the enslaved. We see it only in a more deadly, sullen, ominous indifference and silence, along with the revival of the foreign slave trade. There is not only no purpose, even after every baptism of grace and mercy to ourselves, to exercise mercy to others, or labor for the deliverance of the oppressed, but there is, in many quarters, a deeper, deadlier, more terrible oppression. The Churches and the ministry refuse to speak out in behalf of the enslaved, but still very generally demand silence, and denounce the agitation of the subject. The free States pass new black laws against the colored race, and the slave States pass deadlier slave laws, and thrust the free colored population into slavery with their children forever. Be you sure God is now at length coming out of his place, to punish the inhabitants of the land for such iniquity. And he will call for his ministers of vengeance to devour them. But he need not call, he need not send abroad, he need not raise up the Assyrians, they are here. The volcanoes of wrath are here, the sleeping earthquakes are here, the ground trembles in every direction, the wells are drying up, mute nature almost gives signs of wrath, that God is just ready to remove his restraints, and let loose the elements of death.

The government that maintains such wickedness is piratical. If one man should do it, it becomes the duty of government to put him to death. If a nation should do it, it would become the duty of every man to rise up against such a nation; if this were done, the iniquity itself would be annihilated. By the law of God, Virginia is a corporate pirate. Her very laws are outlawed. She is occupied with man-stealing, carried on, day by day, incessantly, and her laws for the sanction and protection of this wickedness make it doubly vile. Her very government, by such laws, converts her citizens into traitors against God and pirates against man, whenever and wherever they do not oppose such wickedness, but willingly obey it and support it. They willingly walk after the commandment, choosing to obey the statutes of Ahab and Omri, rather than the statutes of the Almighty. Her laws are of no more force or validity than the laws of an association of Thugs, or a brotherhood of thieves, or a regiment of counterfeiters. Commodore Decatur might with as much propriety have been tried and sentenced and hanged for treason in Algiers, as John Brown for treason in Virginia. John Brown was as properly engaged in seeking the deliverance of the enslaved, and the breaking up of the system of slavery, as Commodore Decatur in seeking to break up the piracy of the Algerines.

This event must open up the subject. It must be ripped up to the bottom. Either slavery is absolutely right or wrong, either sanctioned of God, and just by human law, or forbidden of God, and impiously unlawful. Either slaves are the most sacred of all property or the most diabolical of all robbery. If slaveholding is impious, a government grounded on it, protecting it, making laws in its behalf, is an exasperation of villany infinitely atrocious, making not only slaves out of freemen, but villains out of its own citizens, by its own laws. There can be sanction, no justification, for such wickedness, and the attempted justification of it by law is no better than if adultery or murder were justified by law. The whole world is rightfully at war with such iniquity, injustice and cruelty; no man can possibly commit treason in seeking to overthrow it, and to release the victims of such tyranny. A man is bound to do everything in his power for their release, and for the abolition of such a system. If the abolition of the government were necessary for the overthrow of the sin, if it were certain that the sin could be overthrown in no other way, then the sooner the government is abolished, the better. It were infinitely better that three hundred thousand slaveholders were abolished, struck out of existence, than that four million human beings, with their posterity forever, should be enslaved under them, condemned to a perpetual system which is the perpetual violation of God's law. The slavery sweeps both the victims of it and the tyrants to perdition. It is death to the slaveholders; so that what is called treason is, in fact, the highest mercy to them. Their forcible redemption from the grasp of this sin, even by insurrection, would be a blessing, since their souls might be saved; but, continuing in this guilt, they must be shut out from heaven; so that John Brown is in reality their greatest, kindest friend. The angel that knocked Peter's chains from him in the prison was not more truly his friend than John Brown, in endeavoring to knock the fetters from the slave, is truly the friend of the slaveholder. Any man striving to abolish slavery is the slaveholder's greatest friend. Any man protecting and defending and endeavoring to perpetuate slavery is the slaveholder's greatest enemy. Any Church sanctioning this crime is just sealing up its members for perdition, just making out of the Church a great preserve of fatted game for Satan—the profession of any religion that has sin for its element being as a self-sealing can of sweetmeats for Satan's profit and use.

It is wonderful to behold the eyes of the whole nation turned upon one old man, condemned to die upon the gallows, for an action which multitudes of men stand in doubt whether to pronounce a great crime or one of the most heroic, disinterested, virtuous and noble deeds of obedience to God and benevolence to man recorded in the century. There he is, in modern Egypt, a greater riddle, a greater Sphynx for men's opinions, than ancient Egypt ever saw. There he is, as if Oliver Cromwell had risen from the dead, shaking the gory head of the tyrant in the face of a nation of oppressors. He is God's handwriting on the wall of Slavery; and the knees of the whole South knock together at the apparition. John Brown is God's own protest against this tyranny, against the unrighteous laws that sanction it, against the men and States that support it. God writes out his warning on clear white paper, takes the heart and mind of a Christian, a man of prayer, for its publication. John Brown is one of those rare instances of men described by Milton, who act out a conviction of duty, from the contemplation of which common men, the worshippers of success, of expediency, and of iniquity enshrined in law, start back, as in horror of a great crime. Who that hears John Brown's words, that reads his grand, solemn, thinking letters from his prison, that sees his simple, majestic, Christian deportment in the view of death, and notes his calm trust in God, can doubt that God is with him, and that the secret of his confidence is his abiding under the shadow of the Almighty and dwelling in the sacred place of the Most High? In the light of these clear, sun-like, sacred developments of character, and not in the lurid, malignant, treacherous glare of slave enactments and slaveholding cruelty, iniquity and unjust judgment, will John Brown's whole conduct be scrutinized. It is a mighty and meaning providence of God; and when His judgments are in the land, the people will learn righteousness.

John Brown is the crystallization into action of maxims which all would act upon if the enslaved and injured in whose behalf he has ventured unto death *were whites,* were a population stolen from one of your own States, embracing children of your own, wives, brothers, sons, daughters, fathers, mothers, of your own color and blood. You would not call John Brown's movement treason, you would not call it murder, you would not call it a wicked act, if white persons, your own relatives, had been chained and claimed as property, tortured, tasked and condemned as a race of chattels; you would call it justice, heroism, piety. And if the kidnappers of such victims had pretended an agreement in your Constitution of *service due,* distorting that into a defence and justification of such robbery, you would say that *they* were the traitors worthy of death.

Nor would your judgment or your sentence be changed by a set of Virginia statutes, legalizing this wickedness, making your children the property of their masters, and making it treason or felony in any man to attempt to deliver them or run them off. You would not only contribute money and arms to any party who would undertake this, but you would yourselves take arms, and it would be much more the duty of your State to sanction and protect you in such an effort than it was when your ancestors took arms at Lexington and Bunker Hill. Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself; and whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them. How grand and majestic was the declaration of John Brown the aged, I am yet too young to be able to understand that God is any respecter of persons.

If you or I possessed the power, by tossing a horn of powder, a torch of Greek fire, a percussion cap, an explosive biscuit, into the heart of the South, to set the whole slave population into a sudden revolt for the assertion of their own freedom, and the obliteration of those horrible laws that make property of man, concubines of wives, adulterers of husbands, bastards of children, chattels and brutes of immortal beings—into a revolt that would break up and destroy this whole huge system of complicated and accumulating villany and murder—would it not, beyond question, be your duty, my duty? A minister of Christ is said to have declared that if he could emancipate all the slaves with one prayer, he would not dare to offer it. Wonderful piety! Amazing sanctity of soul! But some one will say, Your producing such a movement would be attended with bloodshed, and you may not do evil that good may come. This is a very natural and inevitable thought in every conscientious mind. But let us see. If a den of pirates existed in your country, or of robbers and murderers, whose custom and law of their own brotherhood was to convey away men, women and children, and make slaves, and a breeding factory for slaves, of them and their posterity, and if you or I had the power, by whatever violence, to break up that den, you would, in the name of God and humanity, demand me to do it. If I could do it by a prayer, you would say that I was the most impious and abandoned of all hypocrites if I would not do it, on the plea of fear of consequences. And if I excused myself on the plea that I could not do it but by producing violence and death, you would say that by such refusal I was myself guilty of the continuance of a system of infinite cruelty and robbery, which I might have brought to an end. You would say that my killing those robbers and murderers would not have been the doing of evil that good might come, but a just, righteous and necessary act, and that my refusing to do it had made me an accessory to all that wickedness. For he that knoweth to do good and doeth it not, to him it is sin. This is God's logic, not mine.

Now remember, that if the *color* had been *white,* and the victims of oppression your relatives, neighbors, or neighbors' descendants, you would have made no question of the virtue, righteousness and nobleness of John Brown's attempt. You would not have set the determination of the quality of his act upon the probability of success. You would have said he was so much the greater, truer, more disinterested hero, for going forth in an undertaking so grand, though, to human appearance, hopeless, yet trusting in God. Is it indeed your trust in the consequences, your assurance of success, that makes an action righteous? That is the morality taught by some theologians who have sat in judgment on this tragedy. But be you sure, the things that are highly approved among men are abomination in the sight of God, and they whom men condemn are often dearer to Him and more like Him than any others.

THE CONFESSION OF JOHN E. COOKE.

[Here follows the Confession of JOHN E. COOKE, prepared under the advice of his brother-in-law, Gov. Willard of Indiana, in the vain hope that it would save the life of the prisoner.]

I BECAME acquainted with Capt. John Brown in his camp on Middle Creek, Kansas Territory, just after the battle of Black Jack, and was with him in said camp until it was broken up and his company disbanded, by Col. Sumner, of the First Cavalry, U. S. A. I next saw him at the Convention at Topeka, which was on the 4th of July, 1856. I next met him, some days afterward, in Lawrence. Did not see him again until the fall of 1857, when I met him at the house of E. B. Whitman, about four miles from Lawrence, K. T., which, I think, was about the 1st of November following. I was told that he intended to organize a company for the purpose of putting a stop to the aggressions of the pro-slavery men. I agreed to join him, and was asked if I knew of any other young men, who were perfectly reliable, whom I thought would join also. I recommended Richard Realf, L. F. Parsons and R. J. Hinton. I received a note on the next Sunday morning, while at breakfast in the Whitney House, from Capt. Brown, requesting me to come up that day, and to bring Realf, Parsons and Hinton with me. Realf and Hinton were not in town, and therefore I could not extend to them the invitation. Parsons and myself went and had a long talk with Capt. Brown.

A few days afterward, I received another note from Capt. Brown, which read, as near as I can recollect, as follows:

> "DATE ——— ———."
>
> "CAPT. COOKE—Dear Sir: You will please get everything ready to join me at Topeka by Monday night next. Come to Mrs. Sheridan's, two miles south of Topeka, and bring your arms, ammunition, clothing, and other articles you may require. Bring Parsons with you if he can get ready in time. Please keep very quiet about the matter.
>
> "Yours, &c., JOHN BROWN."

I made all my arrangements for starting at the time appointed. Parsons, Realf and Hinton could not get ready. I left them at Lawrence, and started in a carriage for Topeka. Stopped at the hotel over night, and left early the next morning for Mrs. Sheridan's, to meet Capt. Brown. Staid a day and a half at Mrs. S.'s—then left for Topeka, at which place we were joined by Stevens, Moffet, and Kagi. Left Topeka for Nebraska City, and camped at night on the prairie north-east of Topeka. Here, for the first, I learned that we were to leave Kansas to attend a military school during the winter. It was the intention of the party to go to Ashtabula County, Ohio. Next morning I was sent back to Lawrence to get a draft of $80 cashed, and to get Parsons, Realf and Hinton to go back with me. I got the draft cashed. Capt. Brown had given me orders to take boat to St. Joseph, Mo., and stage from there to Tabor, Iowa, where he would remain for a few days. I had to wait for Realf for three or four days; Hinton could not leave at that time. I started with Realf and Parsons on a stage for Leavenworth. The boats had stopped running on account of the ice. Staid one day in Leavenworth, and then left for Weston, where we took stage for St. Joseph, and from thence to Tabor. I found C. P. Tidd and Leeman at Tabor. Our party now consisted of Capt. John Brown, Owen Brown, A. D. Stevens, Chas. Moffet, C. P. Tidd, Richard Robertson, Col. Richard Realf, L. F. Parsons, Wm. Leeman and myself. We stopped some days at Tabor, making preparations to start. *Here we found that Capt. Brown's ultimate destination was the State of Virginia.* Some warm words passed between him and myself in regard to the plan, which I had supposed was to be confined entirely to Kansas and Missouri. Realf and Parsons were of the same opinion with me. After a good deal of wrangling, we consented to go on, as we had not the means to return, and the rest of the party were so anxious that we should go with them. At Tabor we procured teams for the transportation of about 200 Sharp's rifles, which had been taken on as far as Tabor, one year before, at which place they had been left, awaiting the order of Capt. Brown. There were, also, other stores, consisting of blankets, clothing, boots, ammunition, and about 200 revolvers of the Massachusetts Arms patent, all of which we transported across the State of Iowa to Springdale, and from there to Liberty, at which place they were shipped for Ashtabula County, Ohio, where they remained till brought to Chambersburg, Pa., and were from there transported to a house in Washington County, Md., which Capt. Brown had rented for six months, and which was situated about five miles from Harper's Ferry. It was the intention of Capt. Brown to sell his teams in Springdale, and with the proceeds to go on with the rest of the company to some place in Ashtabula County, Ohio, where we were to have a good military instructor during the winter; but he was disappointed in the sale. As he could not get cash for the teams, it was decided we should remain in the neighborhood of Springdale, and that our instructor, Col. H. Forbes, should be sent on. We stopped in Pedee, Iowa, over winter, at Mr. Maxson's, where we pursued a course of military studies. Col. H. Forbes and Capt. Brown had some words, and he (Col. F.) did not come on; consequently, A. D. Stevens was our drill-master. The people of the neighborhood did not know of our purpose. We remained at Pedee till about the middle of April, when we left for Chatham, Canada, via Chicago and Detroit. We staid about two weeks in Chatham; some of the party staid six or seven weeks. We left Chatham for Cleveland, and remained there until late in June. In the meantime, Capt. Brown went East on business; but previous to his departure, he had learned that Col. Forbes had betrayed his plans to some extent. This, together with the scantiness of his funds, induced him to delay the commencement of his work, and was the means, for the time being, of disbanding the party. He had also received some information which called for his immediate attention in Kansas. I wished to go with him, but he said that I was too well known there, and requested me and some others to go to Harper's Ferry, Va., to see how things were there, and to gain information. While we were in Chatham, he called a Convention, the purpose of which was to make a complete and thorough organization. He issued a written circular, which he sent to various persons in the United States and Canada. The circular, as near as I can recollect, read as follows:

> 'CHATHAM, May —, 1858.
>
> "MR. ———. Dear Sir: We have issued a call for a very *quiet* Convention at this place, to which we shall be happy to see any *true* friends of freedom, and to which you are most earnestly invited to give your attendance. Yours respectfully, JOHN BROWN."

As the names were left blank, I do not know to whom they were sent, though I wrote several of them. I learned, however, that one was sent to Frederick Douglass, and I think Gerrit Smith also received one. Who the others were sent to I do not know. Neither Douglass or Smith attended the Convention. I suppose some 25 or 30 of these circulars were sent, but, as they were directed by Capt. Brown or J. H. Kagi, I do not know the names of the parties to whom they were addressed. I do know, however, that they were sent to none save those whom Capt. Brown knew to be radical Abolitionists. I think it was about ten days from the time the circulars were sent that the Convention met. The place of meeting was in one of the negro churches in Chatham. The Convention, I think, was called to order by J. H. Kagi. Its object was then stated, which was to complete a thorough organization and the formation of a Constitution. The first business was to elect a President and Secretary. Elder Monroe, a colored minister, was elected President, and J. H. Kagi, Secretary. The next business was to form a Constitution. Capt. Brown had already drawn up one, which, on motion, was read by the Secretary. On motion, it was ordered that each article of the Constitution be taken up and separately amended and passed, which was done. On motion, the Constitution was then adopted as a whole. The next business was to nominate a Commander-in-Chief, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State. Capt. John Brown was unanimously elected Commander-in-Chief; J. H. Kagi, Secretary of War; and Richard Realf, Secretary of State. Elder Monroe was to act as President until another was chosen. A. M. Chapman, I think, was to act as Vice-President. Dr. M. K. Delaney was one of the Corresponding Secretaries of the organization. There were some others from the United States, whose names I do not now remember. Most of the delegates to the Convention were from Canada. After the Constitution was adopted, the members took their oath to support it. It was then signed by all present. During the interval between the call for the Convention and its assembling, regular meetings were held at Barbour's Hotel, where we were stopping, by those who were known to be true to the cause, at which meetings plans were laid and discussed. There were no white men at the Convention, save the members of our company. Men and money had both been promised from Chatham and other parts of Canada. When the Convention broke up, news was received that Col. H. Forbes, who had joined in the movement, had given information to the government. This, of course, delayed the time of attack. A day or two afterward, most of our party took the boat to Cleveland—J. H. Kagi, Richard Realf, Wm. H. Leeman, Richard Robertson and Capt. Brown remaining. Capt. B., however, started in a day or two for the East. Kagi, I think, went to some other town in Canada, to set up the type and to get the Constitution printed, which he completed before he returned to Cleveland. We remained in Cleveland for some weeks, at which place, for the time being, the company disbanded. Capt. Brown had had the *plan* of the insurrection in contemplation for several years—in fact, told me that it had been the chief aim of his life to carry out and accomplish the abolition of slavery.

In his trip East he did not realize the amount of money that he expected. The money had been promised *bona fide,* but, owing to the tightness of the money market, they failed to comply with his demands. The funds were necessary to the accomplishment of his plans. I afterward learned that there was a lack of confidence in the success of his scheme. It was, therefore, necessary that a movement should be made in another direction, to demonstrate the practicability of his plan. This he made about a year ago by his invasion of Missouri, and the taking of about a dozen slaves, together with horses, cattle, &c., into Kansas, in defiance of the United States Marshal and his posse. From Kansas he took them to Canada, via Iowa City and Cleveland. At the latter place he remained some days, and, I think, disposed of his horses there. It seems that the United States Marshal was afraid to arrest him, and this was all that was wanting to give confidence to the wavering in the practicability of his plan and its ultimate success. He came to Harper's Ferry about the last of June, though I did not see him till late in July, or the early part of August, when we met on Shenandoah street, Harper's Ferry, opposite Tearney's store. I do not know who were his aiders or abettors, but have heard him mention in connection with it the names of Gerrit Smith of New York, Howe of Boston, and Sanborn and Thaddeus Hyatt of New York City. What connection, and how far connected with his plan, I do not know, but I know he wrote a letter a few weeks previous to his attack to some gentlemen in Boston which read, as near as I can recollect, as follows:

> "DATE ——— ———.
>
> "GENTLEMEN: I have got nearly all my *machines* on, and shall be ready to start them in a few days, unless prevented by a special Providence. Everything is working well. I shall want *all the funds* you promised me in a few days. Yours truly, CALM & STILL."

In the meantime, the men who had engaged to go with him had most of them arrived at Chambersburg, Pa., and been sent to the place which he had rented in Washington County, Md., about five miles from Harper's Ferry. The greater part of the men kept out of sight during the day, for fear of attracting attention. The arms, munitions, &c., were carted from Chambersburg to his rendezvous. The spear-heads and guards came in strong boxes, and the shafts passed for fork handles. They were put together by our own men, at the house where most of them were found. Letters of importance came to the Chambersburg post-office, and were sent by some of our own party to headquarters. The letters of minor importance came to the Ferry to J. Smith & Sons. All allusions to our business were made in such a blind way that they would not have been understood by any outside parties, even should they have been miscarried. The attack was made sooner than it was intended, owing to some friends in Boston writing a letter, finding fault with the management of Capt. B., and what to them seemed his unnecessary delay and expense. I do not know who those persons were, or how far they were cognizant of his (Capt. B.'s) plans. *But I do know that Dr. Howe gave Capt. Brown a breech-loading carbine and a pair of muzzle-loading pistols, all of government manufacture.* They were left either at the house of Capt. Brown or at the school-house, where most of the arms were conveyed. At what time and for what purpose they were given to Capt. Brown, I do not know. It was supposed that Col. Hugh Forbes was dead. I was told by Capt. Brown that, when on East, he had been told by Thaddeus Hyatt, of New York, that some of the negroes at that place had informed him (Hyatt) that Forbes had "gone up"—a phrase which Capt. B. and the rest of our company understood to mean that he had been killed. I do not think that Forbes had any cognizance of our plans from the time of our leaving Pedee, a year ago last April. Previous to his quarrel with Capt. Brown, we considered that he would hold a place next to Brown in command. I do not know the present whereabouts of Luke F. Parsons or Charles Moffet. The last I heard of Parsons was through Capt. Brown, who informed me that Parsons had started for Pike's Peak, and that he (Brown) thought he would be pretty tolerably *peaked* before he got there. A short time before the attack on Harper's Ferry, Capt. Brown requested me to find out in some way, without creating suspicion, the number of male slaves on or near the roads leading from the Ferry, for a distance of 8 or 10 miles, and to make such memoranda that it would be unintelligible to others, but in such a manner that I could make it plain to him and the rest of the company. He gave me two dollars to pay my expenses with. I took the road from Harper's Ferry to Charlestown under the plea of gaining statistics for a work to be published by John Henri, and to decide a wager between him and Mr. Smith. I did not go on any other road. A few days after this, Capt. Brown sent his wagon over by his son Oliver and Jeremiah Anderson, to bring my wife and myself to his house. They gave me a note from him which, as near as I can recollect, read as follows:

> "MR. COOKE—*Dear Sir:* You will please get everything ready to come with your wife to my house this morning. My wagon will wait for you. I shall take your wife to Chambersburg, and shall start

early to-morrow morning. Be as expeditious as possible. Be very careful not to say or do anything which will awaken suspicion.

"You can say your wife is going to make a visit to some friends of hers in the country. Be very careful that you do not let any of our plans leak out. Yours, &c., J. SMITH."

My wife and myself accordingly left Harper's Ferry that night, accompanied by Oliver Brown and Jeremiah Anderson, for Captain Brown's house in Washington County, Md.

The next day, after dinner, Captain B. and his son Watson, together with my wife and child, started for Chambersburg. When Capt. B. returned, he told me that he had got her a good boarding-place in Chambersburg, at Mr. Ritterer's, and that she liked her boarding place very well.

There were some six or seven in our party who did not know anything of our Constitution, and, as I have since understood, were also ignorant of the plan of operations until the Sunday morning previous to the attack. Among this number were Edwin Coppic, Barclay Coppic, Francis J. Merriam, Shields Green, John Copeland, and Leary.

The Constitution was read to them by A. D. Stevens, and the oath afterward administered by Capt. Brown. Sunday evening previous to our departure, Capt. Brown made his final arrangements for the capture of Harper's Ferry, and gave to his men their orders. In closing, he said, "*and now, gentlemen, let me press this one thing on your minds. you all know how dear life is to you, and how dear your lives are to your families; and in remembering that, consider that the lives of others are as dear to them as yours are to you; do not, therefore, take the life of any one if you can possibly avoid it; but if it is necessary to take life in order to save your own, then make sure work of it.*"

After taking the town, I was placed under Capt. Stevens, who received orders to proceed to the house of Col. Lewis Washington and to take him prisoner, and to bring his slaves, horses, and arms, and as we came back, to take Mr. Alstadtt and his slaves and to bring them all to Capt. Brown at the Armory. When we returned, I stayed a short time in the engine-house to get warm, as I was chilled through. After I got warm, Capt Brown ordered me to go with C. P. Tidd, who was to take William H. Leeman, and I think four slaves with him, in Col. Washington's large wagon across the river, and to take Terrence Burns and his brother and their slaves prisoners. My orders were to hold Burns and brother as [illegible] at their own house, while Tidd and the slaves [illegible] mpanied him were to go to Capt. Brown's house [illegible] ad in the arms and bring them down to the [illegible] use, stopping for the Burnses and their guard. [illegible] H. Leeman remained with me to guard the prisoners. On return of the wagon, in compliance with orders, we all started for the school-house. When we got there, I was to remain, by Capt. Brown's orders, with one of the slaves to guard the arms, while C. P. Tidd, with the other negroes, was to go back for the rest of the arms, and Burns was to be sent with William H. Leeman to Capt. Brown at the Armory. It was at this time that William Thompson came up from the Ferry and reported that everything was all right, and then hurried on to overtake William H. Leeman. A short time after the departure of Tidd, I heard a good deal of firing, and became anxious to know the cause, but my orders were strict to remain at the school-house and guard the arms, and I obeyed the orders to the letter. About 4 o'clock in the evening C. P. Tidd came with the second load. I then took one of the negroes with me and started for the Ferry. I met a negro woman a short distance below the school-house, who informed me they were fighting hard at the Ferry. I hurried on till I came to the Lock kept by George Hardy, about a mile above the bridge, where I saw his wife and Mrs. Elizabeth Reed, who told me that our men were hemmed in, and that several of them had been shot. I expressed my intention to try to get to them, when Mrs. Hardy asked me to try to get her husband released from the engine-house. I told her I would. Mrs. Read begged of me not to go down to the Ferry. She said I would be shot. I told her I must make an attempt to save my comrades, and passed on down the road. A short distance below the Lock I met two boys whom I knew, and they told me that our men were all hemmed in by troops from Charlestown, Martinsburg, Hagerstown and Shepherdstown. The negro who was with me had been very much frightened at the first report we received; and as the boys told me the troops were coming up the road after us soon, I sent him (the negro) back to inform Tidd, while I hastened down the road. After going down opposite the Ferry, I ascended the mountain in order to get a better view of the position of our opponents.

I saw that our party were completely surrounded; and as I saw a body of men on High street firing down upon them—they were about half a mile distant from me—I thought I would draw their fire upon myself; I therefore raised my rifle and took the best aim I could and fired. It had the desired effect, for the very instant the party returned it. Several shots were exchanged. The last one they fired at me cut a small limb I had hold of just below my hand, and gave me a fall of about fifteen feet, by which I was severely bruised and my flesh somewhat lacerated. I descended from the mountain and passed [illegible] ad to the Crane on the bank of the canal, a [illegible] yards from Mr. W.'s store. I saw several [illegible] d the door-post looking at me; I took a posi[illegible] the Crane, and cocked my rifle, beckoned to some of them to come to me; after some hesitation, one of them approached and then another, both of whom knew me. I asked them if there were any armed men in the store. They pledged me their word and honor that there were none. I then passed down to the lock-house, and went down the steps to the lock where I saw Wm. McGreg, and questioned him in regard to the troops on the other side. He told me that the bridge was filled by our opponents, and that all our party were dead but seven—that two of them were shot while trying to escape across the river. He begged me to leave immediately. After questioning him in regard to the position and number of the troops, and from what source he received his information, I bade him good night, and started up the road at a rapid walk. I stopped at the house of an Irish family at the foot of the hill, and got a cup of coffee and some eatables. I was informed by them that Captain Brown was dead; that he had been shot about 4 o'clock in the afternoon. At the time I believed this report to be true. I went on up to the school-house, and found the shutters and door closed; called to Tidd and the boys, but received no answer; cocked my rifle, and then opened the door. It was dark at the time. Some of the goods had been placed in the middle of the floor, and, in the dark, looked like men crouching. I uncocked my rifle, and drew my revolver, and then struck a match; saw that there was no one in the school-house; went into the bushes back of the school-house, and called for the boys. Receiving no answer, I went across the road into some pines, and again called, but could find no one. I then started up the road toward Capt. Brown's house; I saw a party of men coming down the road; when within about fifty yards, I ordered them to halt; they recognized my voice, and called me. I found them to be Charles P. Tidd, Owen Brown, Barclay Coppic, F. J. Merriam, and a negro who belonged to Washington or Alstadtt. They asked me the news, and I gave the information that I received at the canal lock and on the road. It seemed that they thought it would be sheer madness in them to attempt a rescue of our comrades, and it was finally determined to return to the house of Capt. Brown. I found that Tidd, before leaving the school-house to go for Brown, Coppic and Merriam, had stationed the negroes in a good position in the timber back of the school-house. On his return, however, they could not be found. We therefore left for Capt. Brown's house. Here we got a few articles which would be necessary, and then went over into the timber on the side of the mountain, a few yards beyond the house, where the spears were kept. Here we laid down and went to sleep. About 3 o'clock in the morning one of our party awakened and found that the negro had left us. He immediately aroused the rest of the [illegible] nd we concluded to go to the top of the moun[illegible] ore light. Here we remained for a few hours, and [illegible] ssed over to the other side of the mountain, where [illegible] ed till dark, and then crossed the valley to the other range beyond.

I have forgotten to state previously that before I left Capt. Brown in Cleveland, Ohio, he gave me orders to trust no one with our secret, and to hold no conversation with the slaves, which orders I obeyed with but a single exception, which I here mention. The exception to which I allude is simply this: I met a party of four negroes, two free and two slave, near Bolivar, Jefferson County, Virginia. I asked them if they had ever thought about their freedom. They replied, "they thought they ought to be free," but expressed doubts that they ever would be. I told them that time might come before many years, but for the present to keep dark and look for the good time coming, and left them.

I see, from some of the newspapers, that I have been represented as Capt. Brown's chief aid. This is incorrect. Kagi was second in command, Stevens third, Hazlitt fourth. Farther than this, I do not know that Capt. Brown had made known any preference as to superiority or rank. Edward Coppic and Dolphin Thomas were the only lieutenants he commissioned. Owen Brown, Barclay Coppic and F. J. Merriam were not at the Ferry during the time the attack was made, but remained by order of Captain Brown to take charge of the premises, and to guard the arms left at Brown's house in case of an attack. I do not know of any person in the Ferry or its neighborhood, who knew of our plan, save our own party, and they were pledged to keep it secret.

Richard Realf, one of our original party, and our Secretary of State, came from Chatham to Cleveland, a few days before Capt. Brown's arrival from the East. Soon after his arrival, he (Capt. B.) sent Realf to New York city, at which place he embarked for England for the purpose of carrying out the plans of Capt. Brown. Realf was born and raised in England. He is a peasant's son, but his native talents brought him into the notice of some of the nobility, who took charge of him, and made arrangements to give him a finished education. He was taken into the family of Lady Noel Byron, where he made his home while pursuing his studies. Falling in love with a young lady of noble birth, he was censured by Lady B. for his presumption. He became offended at her interference, and finally left Lady B. to work his own way in the world. At this time the Chartist movement was made, which Realf joined, and the result was, he was obliged to seek safety by emigrating to America. He made his home some years in New York city. A part of the time he was there, he was engaged as assistant superintendent of the Five Points Mission. He is well known as an author and a poet. He gave up his situation as assistant superintendent, and went to Kansas in the summer or fall of 1856. I first met him in Lawrence, Kansas. No word was received from him, to my knowledge, after he left for England, to which place he went in his own capacity and that of our Secretary of State, to solicit funds for the support of our organization. He proposed to deliver a course of lectures in various parts of England, and the net proceeds of which were to be given to carry out Capt. Brown's plan. He is a man of rare talents, and a powerful and fluent speaker. He is about 28 years of age. Mr. Kagi, I believe, got a letter from some one in England a few months ago, stating that Realf had sailed for this country, and that he had quite a sum of money with him, but further than that we have been unable to find any trace of him. Capt. Brown and the rest of our company who knew him think that he is dead.

At the time Mr. Alstadtt was taken, I was not at his house, but in the carriage with Col. Lewis Washington, opposite the house. I do not think any arms were placed in the hands of his slaves till they arrived at the musket armory. I did not see any of the spears on our way from the Ferry to Col. Washington's—there were none taken out to my knowledge. After stopping about half an hour at the engine-house to get warm, I was called out by Capt. Brown, and then saw, for the first time, the slaves with spears in their hands. I do not know who gave them the spears, but it was some of our party, and probably by the order of Capt. Brown.

The negro who was with me on Monday evening, when I left the school-house for the Ferry, was armed with a double-barrelled shot-gun, and, I think, a revolving pistol of the Massachusetts Arms manufacture. Who delivered him the arms I do not know. He was under my control till I sent him back to report to Tidd that the troops were coming up. He obeyed orders while with me.

I was commissioned as a captain on the Sunday of the insurrection, at the same time the others were, and with them took the oath prescribed in Article 48 of the Constitution.

George B. Gill joined us before leaving Iowa, in the spring, as did Stewart Taylor.

Test, JOHN E. COOKE.

THE CASE OF CAPT. COOKE.

From The Richmond Enquirer, Nov. 24.

The pardon of Capt. Cooke is out of the question—*he is the most guilty of all the Charlestown prisoners.* So far from being the dupe of Old Brown, Osawatomie is the victim of John E. Cook.

Cook misled Brown, deceived him, and imposed upon all of the prisoners; he gave descriptions of the persons of those who fled. Had Cook, who lived two years in Virginia, while engaged in planning this very crime, made known to Old Brown the actual state of the negroes, had he informed Old Brown that he had not been able to induce one slave to join, and that no aid was to be expected from the non-slaveholders, John Brown had too much shrewdness not to have seen the folly upon which he was engaged, and he would have abandoned the undertaking. Cook *married in Virginia for the purpose of better concealing his designs, and not arousing suspicions*; he is doubly criminal, for he sought the destruction of those near and dear to his wife. Cook had visited and been hospitably entertained by the very gentleman he afterwards robbed; he knew from actual experiment that no slaves would join him; he knew that without large reinforcements from the North the attempt must fail; and hence he was the first to fly, and he planned his flight beforehand, leaving his deluded comrades to meet the fate his deceptions had brought upon them. Does such a criminal deserve pardon? We do not believe any unbiased mind can, in the face of such facts, desire the pardon of this man.

THE PANIC IN VIRGINIA.

Correspondence of The New York Times.

PETERSBURG, Monday, Nov. 21, 1859.

The panic has seized all classes of the people, and most exaggerated reports are in circulation. Some think that hordes of Northerners are on their way to invade the State which has given birth to Presidents and statesmen. Petersburg has been divided into patrol districts, and fines of $25 and $50 are to be imposed upon those who disobey orders to perform patrol duty whenever Major Davenport, the officer left to protect the city, may call for their services. Seven men each from eight companies were on patrol duty last night, and a special detachment was sent to guard the powder-magazine on the other side of the river Appomatox. These warlike preparations are of course a serious interruption to all business in the city, and the suspicions which are excited by them contribute to the same results. If five or six negroes are seen talking together, they are speedily magnified by rumor into a hundred armed with pitchforks and scythe blades. Beggars are arrested and put into jail, and strangers, if they happen to be poorly dressed, are accosted by the police and examined.

On Sunday, two men were in the city looking for a missing negro. As they were strangers, they were arrested, but succeeded in proving themselves owners of negroes just out of the city, and were, therefore, released from custody.

There are, in Petersburg, a number of gentlemen who have come from Northern cities to engage in business. They have, in all respects, conducted themselves in an orderly, upright, gentlemanly manner, but now they are subjected to unjust suspicions by the too zealous vigilants. Every unguarded expression is noted, and every action, especially in the presence of negroes, is observed.

PETERSBURG, Va., Tuesday, Nov. 22, 1859.

The fears of the people have been greatly excited. Frightened as they were, when the first rumor of the advance of an invading force reached them, the departure of the volunteer companies only excited them still more; and when fathers, husbands and brothers were seen patrolling the streets, under arms, at all hours of night and day, the panic rose to a still greater height. The few who had not lost their cool judgment condemned such a public display, as being too well calculated to feed excitement, which ought, on the contrary, to be allayed by all possible means. The history of Nat. Turner's famous insurrection at Southampton, which is not far from this city, is repeated with all its bloody details, as if the occurrence had only taken place a few months ago. So near the scene of Nat.'s brief, but awful career, the people are prepared to believe and fear anything that comes to them about the intentions of rescuers, however absurd it may be.

Two large field-pieces have been kept in readiness for service since Sunday, should they be needed. The only alarm of any moment occurred a night or two ago, when those living across the river were thrown into consternation by voices and noises which sounded alarming. Upon making investigation, it was ascertained that all the noise was nothing more than the hilarity and boisterousness of two darkies who had imbibed a little too much cheap whiskey in the Pocahontas suburb.

As soon as any of these little alarms pass away, the dispassionate portion of the people feel mortified that such a state of things should exist. They are conscious that there must be a weakness somewhere, else the public mind would not yield so foolishly. Already they are anxious to have the patrol force dismissed, and many wish that Old Brown was hung, and this uneasy state of excitement ended. There is much disappointment at the absence of sympathy in many quarters where it was expected that it would exist. The people complain bitterly of the indifference manifested with reference to their distress by the conservative Press of the North. They looked toward the large cities in the free States for comfort, and the leading paper here, the *Express*, names only three papers in all New York that have reproved the attempt to incite servile insurrection in Virginia, and to overthrow the national government. The result of the late elections in the Northern States has also been far from pleasing. They declare that they cannot understand the sentiment which seems to exist at the North. Apparently it is expressive of a steady, unbroken antagonism towards the institution which is inseparably interwoven with their social system. They are astounded that the mass of merchants and professional men and manufacturers do not come out unequivocally and denounce such men as Brown, Beecher, Giddings and others. They are unwilling, even in spite of the sympathy expressed for the convicts at Charlestown, to believe that a majority of Northerners indorse the acts or follow the incendiary teachings of these men. With feeling more of sorrow than of anger, some assert that in time to come the conservatives of the free States will regret that they did not take efficient measures to put down this anti-slavery sentiment; for, say they, it will inevitably lead to a dissolution of the Union, certainly within a year.

Just at the present exciting time one-half of the population here would ask for disunion. Others say, "Not yet; we'll see this thing through first; and then, if we can't make them respect our rights, we'll go in for a Southern Confederacy."

A great many say Brown ought never to have been tried, but that the whole party should have been shot down, as was Thompson, without trial or jury. Such a course, it is thought, would have prevented the alarm and consternation which has followed. Others think the papers ought not to have published so many particulars and such inflammatory articles on the subject, many of which are read not only by the whites, but by the blacks, free and slaves, upon whom they cannot possibly have any good effect. Among all classes and conditions the subject is discussed, although efforts are made to keep the details, as much as possible, from the slaves. Even those who admired Brown's brave qualities at first, and who would gladly have favored a commutation of the death sentence, now feel that it is expedient that the whole party should die. They think that nothing less than an ignominious death can satisfy the extremists, or put a check upon Abolitionism.

SYCAMORE.

INTERVIEWS WITH JOHN BROWN.

M. B. Lowry of Erie, Pa., an old neighbor of Mr. Brown, lately visited him in his prison. He says:

"I remarked to Mr. Brown that there had been a different version given to his Kansas exploits by the *Herald of Freedom* from that which his friends gave, and ventured the opinion that his reputation demanded an explanation. He replied that he understood my allusion, but that I was mistaken in supposing that it needed any refutation from him. 'Time and the honest verdict of posterity,' said he, 'will approve of every act of mine to prevent slavery from being established in Kansas. *I never shed the blood of a fellow-man except in self-defence or in promotion of a righteous cause.*' He spoke in indignant terms of the editor of the *Herald of Freedom*, characterizing him as 'selfish, unjust, revengeful, mercenary, untruthful and corrupt.' I remarked that I regretted to hear him speak of G. W. Brown in such terms, as he was an old acquaintance of mine, and had been trusted and respected. His answer was—'Mr. Lowry, you are mistaken if you suppose that anything that *George Washington* Brown could say can tarnish the character of John Brown.'

"Mr. Brown is a member of the Old School Presbyterian Church and a decidedly religious man, though he strictly and sternly refuses to be aided in his prayers by the pro-slavery divines of Virginia. One of these gentleman, in conversation with me, said that he had called on Brown to pray with him. He said Brown asked if he was ready to fight, if necessity required it, for the freedom of the slave. On his answering in the negative, Brown said that he would thank him to retire from his cell, that his prayers would be an abomination to his God. To another clergyman he said that he would not insult his God by bowing down with any one who had the blood of the slave upon his skirts."

Another writer says:

"Brown was visited yesterday by Rev. James H. March, of the M. E. Church. The reverend gentleman having advanced an argument in favor of the institution of slavery as it now exists, Brown replied to him, saying: 'My dear sir, you know nothing about Christianity; you will have to learn the A B C's in the lesson of Christianity, as I find you entirely ignorant of the meaning of the word. I, of course, respect you as a gentleman, but it is 'as a *heathen* gentleman.' The reverend gentleman here thought it best to draw such a discussion to a close, and therefore withdrew."

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1859.

THE SACRIFICE.

AUTHENTIC records of modern history have told us of a man of such exalted nobleness of character as to stand in the very highest rank, and that not merely in the vulgar estimate, but as *good* men count greatness. In fearlessness, in bravery, in coolness and firmness in the midst of danger, in fortitude under his own troubles, in humane consideration for those of others, in intelligence with modesty, in the pursuit of a high purpose as the object of his life, in simple ingenuousness, unbending integrity and indomitable perseverance, the first rank is accorded to him, by the testimony alike of friends and enemies.

It is a matter of history that this man was not born in Virginia. It is a matter of course that he was not bred there. The days of miracles are past. It became necessary, however, that he should go to Virginia. But, such was the energy of opposition between the sort of character cultivated there and *his* character, so absolutely antithetical was the whole of that State to him, that from the first moment he was known to be there, and exercising there the characteristics above named, it became the interest, desire and effort of every man in Virginia to kill him. Truth, Humanity and Justice free and active in Virginia! Horrible! The business of the whole State would be stopped, her policy subverted, her "institutions" overthrown. Famine and pestilence would not so ruinously interfere with what Virginia chooses to call her prosperity and welfare. It is above all things indispensable to her that such a man be killed. This is the natural attitude of *such* a State to such a man.

Moreover, he must be killed speedily. Qualities like his are not only pernicious (in that region), but contagious. They excite a dangerous admiration even in the blustering, swaggering tyrants who most appropriately represent that State; even its Governor (*facile princeps* among them), irresistibly magnetized by this man, is compelled to speak the truth concerning him; and one portion of the heterogeneous population of Virginia, the least chivalrous and the most useful—those to whom "the stripes" are allotted as their portion of the American flag—those to whom the visits of Justice and Humanity are, like angels' visits, most rare, though most deeply longed for—may any day, while he lives, break out with the refusal any longer to be held "in chains, under darkness," and demand those rights which the Declaration of American Independence claimed for them, and which our hero went to carry to them. No, Virginia is not secure; her whole military force, enlarged by numerous volunteers, and strengthened by United States' troops, will not enable her to sleep a single night in peace and security while such a man is breathing her air; and John Brown must die!

The admiration which Gov. Wise expresses for John Brown is evidently genuine and hearty. The bravery, fortitude, self-possession and fearlessness of his captive first strike his attention. Courage of that kind, and to that degree, he had never before seen. On inquiry into the events of the brief period during which Brown held prisoners and a fortress in his possession, it was manifest that he had acted with humanity not less than with courage, and that this also was a predominant feature of his character. Humanity practised towards slaveholders is a virtue of high estimation in Governor Wise's eyes. Then, on talking with his prisoner, the Governor finds him frank, plain and direct in speech, honest and intelligent. These are qualities which inevitably charm and interest us, irrespective of the use that is to be made of them. Gov. Wise involuntarily thinks—How invaluable would these qualities be if they could be turned to the support of slavery! When, however, it appears that they are to be used in the cause of liberty, when it becomes plain that the intelligence, courage, humanity, energy and perseverance of John Brown are to be used in behalf of those who most need them, irrespective of the Virginian prejudice that black men have no rights which white men are bound to respect, then the Virginian estimate of them is changed; then these qualities, so admired before, become at once not only unsatisfactory, but pernicious. The man who owns them must die. The "Ancient Dominion" is in peril while he continues to exist. To such qualities as his, so exercised, the award of Virginia is a halter and a grave!

The concurrent testimony of all who know John Brown (including Gov. Wise and Colonel Washington, who may be believed in a case of this sort) is that the most absolute reliance may be placed in his word. We may, therefore, assume his purpose, and his expectation, and his orders, and his acts to have been just what he now declares them to have been. His affecting and admirable speech, in reply to the question if he had anything to say why sentence should not be pronounced on him, makes the following points perfectly clear. First, as to what his purpose was: after referring to his rescue of slaves from Missouri last winter, when he took them under his protection, moved them through the country, and left them safe in Canada, "*without the snapping of a gun,*" he says—

> "I desired to have done the same thing again on a larger scale. THAT WAS ALL I INTENDED. I never did intend murder, or treason, or the destruction of property, or to excite or incite slaves to rebellion, or to waken insurrection."

This testimony is explicit, unequivocal and trustworthy. Brown's purpose comprised just these two things: to give the slaves an opportunity to escape, and the means of overcoming those who should interfere to prevent it. He meant to point them out the road by which they should fly towards liberty, and to protect their rear from the pursuit of the bloodhound and the kidnapper. He and his rescued ones were to travel through a hostile country, and he took arms for his protection and had arranged to give them arms for theirs; just what every slaveholder and slave-trader does, as a matter of course, and without complaint. Thus is the first point established; that his purpose was to rescue men from slavery without the shedding of blood.

The second point—namely, that such blood as was shed by any members of Brown's party (otherwise than in self-defence, after the marines attacked them) was shed *without his knowledge and against his orders*—is equally established by his unequivocal and repeated declarations, supported by the testimony of others. In the conversation held by members of Congress with Brown on Tuesday afternoon, Oct. 18th, and detailed by the reporter of the *New York Herald*, this repeatedly appears. In reply to the charge made by Senator Mason, "You killed some people passing along the streets quietly"! Mr. Brown replied—"Well, sir, if there if there was anything of that kind done, it was without my knowledge. Your own citizens, who were my prisoners, will tell you that every possible means was taken to prevent it. I did not allow my men to fire, nor even to return a fire, when there was danger of killing those we regarded as innocent persons, if I could help it." And again he said, incidentally, in answering a question of Mr. Vallandigham—"I had no knowledge of the shooting of the negro" (Heywood, the first man shot). And again he said, replying to the question of an officer—"We did kill some men in defending ourselves, but I saw no one fire except directly in self-defence. *Our orders were strict not to harm any one not in arms against us.*" And on the 28th, this sentence occurs in the report of the trial—"All the witnesses thus far have testified to Brown's anxiety to avoid shedding blood needlessly."

What a contrast does this afford to the officer (!) who repeatedly hacked Brown with his sabre after he had ceased to defend himself, and even after he was down! What a contrast to the government orders to the jailers, before the prisoners were found guilty, even under that mockery of a trial, namely—"Orders were given to the jailers to *shoot all the prisoners* in the event of an attempt at rescue"! But is not such ruffianism the very thing one would expect from slaveholders? Is it not their ordinary, daily occupation to tyrannize, with brutal insolence, over the conquered?

The only thing that has been *proved* against John Brown is that which he freely avowed before the production of evidence—an attempt to assist slaves to regain their liberty. Such is the evidence, known and read of all those who have commented on his enterprise and his fate. We have, therefore, a right to consider the violence which will be perpetrated upon him (probably near the very time when you, friends, are reading this statement), and the comments which have been made by the political and religious press upon the man and his enterprise, as the comment of the country on an attempt to help the needy. Think (for it requires an effort of the mind even to approach an adequate conception of this enormity), think what is implied of the inhuman, un-Christian, barbarous condition of a country, by the fact that its court has *proved* the good Samaritan *guilty* of assisting the wounded traveller, and therefore has sentenced him *to death!*

This was the purpose, the plan, which *The Independent* calls "unwarrantable," saying, "Misguided as he was by his zeal for the oppressed, wild and unwarrantable as was his whole scheme for their emancipation," &c., &c.

Thus, also, the same person, grinding another organ, the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, writing in the *New Englander* on "The Moral of Harper's Ferry," condemns John Brown for doing that for blacks which he has just vindicated as a righteous and proper thing to be done for one's self, or for one's white neighbors. He seems to hold, like Rev. Baron Stow's Baptist Church in Boston, that rights are made for "respectable white persons." He says:

> "The free inhabitants of Kansas had a right to protect themselves when a faithless or incompetent government failed to protect them. The emigrants who went thither from the free-labor States had a right to go with arms for their defence against robbers and murderers. The friends of those emigrants had a right to aid them as they went, and to send them aid afterwards, whether in the form of food and clothing for their subsistence, and of machinery and capital for the improvement of their lands, or in the form of equally needful arms and ammunition. All this was legitimate 'Kansas work.'"

But when he comes (pp. 1077–8) to the case of slaves in Virginia, he assumes that the same means may *not* be used for *their* enlargement, and comes to this lame and impotent conclusion:

> "The opposition to the extension and perpetuity of slavery in the United States must be a moral and political opposition *within the limits of the Constitution and the laws*"!

While such is the voice of the religion of the country, who can wonder that its laws should be anti-Christian, unjust and inhuman!

The editor of the Dover (N. H.) *Enquirer*, making dissentient comments upon the admirable discourse of Rev. Edwin M. Wheelock (entitled "Harper's Ferry and its Lesson"), which at the same time he published in full, said that few would agree to the placing of John Brown "on a level with Washington and Warren, and the other patriots of the Revolution." And he further says that—admitting even his right to interfere for the liberation of the enslaved—"there is still some ground to question his prudence."

Was not this the very remark made by the priest and the Levite to themselves and their neighbors respecting the Good Samaritan? It is certain that John Brown was *not* thinking—no more than Grace Darling—no more than Miss Foulke of Harper's Ferry—of what Sidney Smith called "that despicable virtue, prudence." All these were thinking of help to others; help to those "in perishing need"; help to those who would never, never, receive aid from the prudent, and to whom help could come only by the self-sacrifice of others. Yet now we must see prudence sitting in her easy chair and criticizing these persons!

Is it *such* persons respecting whom the objection is seriously made that they ought not to be put "on a level" with Washington and Warren? Alas, these critics do not yet know, the country does not yet know, that Washington and Warren must ascend to reach *their* level! If ye love them that love you, if ye salute your brethren only, if ye fight only for your wives and children, what thank have ye? Do not even the publicans so?

So grossly has our community been misled by its religious teachers that those who most closely follow the steps of the self-sacrificing man of Nazareth, and, like him, apply his principles to the current and popular sins of their time, are denounced for their disregard of *prudence*, by men who wish to monopolize the credit of being followers of that very Jesus! And the few who, in our time, recognize and declare the essential resemblance in character between Jesus, the Crucified, and that modern man, sent from God, whose name was John—the few who say that "the martyrdom of the latter, if it shall be perfected, will make the gallows glorious, like the cross"—are now accused of impiety and blasphemy by men whose strength is to sit still, and whose piety is shown by praying that God would do their duty for them!

Brown is to die! Be it our care that his principles live, and spring up, and bring forth fruit a thousand fold!

Brown is to be murdered by the State of Virginia, assisted by the Executive of those States with which (to our shame) we still call ourselves United. Let this outrage be a more powerful incitement to us than all which have preceded it to take ourselves out of that disgraceful connection, both for our own credit and welfare, and as a means of more efficient help to our brethren in bonds!

PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY FAIR, AND NATIONAL BAZAAR.

THIS Bazaar will be opened in Concert Hall, in the city of Philadelphia, on Monday evening, the 12th, and will continue until Saturday, the 17th of December. As the time of its opening is near, the Committee of Arrangements would remind their friends, in the city and country, that it is very important that their contributions should be sent in without delay. The value of a gift is greatly increased not only by the cheerfulness, but also by the promptness with which it is given; and, in this case, much labor and inconvenience of the Managers is saved by the *early* reception of donations to the Fair. All marketable commodities are acceptable; the products of the farm, garden and dairy, the manufactures of the mechanic, the wares of the merchant, and those creations of artistic taste and skill which annually grace the Tables of this Bazaar, the gifts of those who wish to ennoble such taste and skill by consecrating them to the great cause of philanthropy.

The Managers trust that their coadjutors who have, in previous years, so heartily responded to their call, will remember that the demands of the Fair are somewhat increased, this year, in consequence of its having assumed a national character. The demands of our cause, too, are constantly increasing. The most careless observer can scarcely fail to see that our fields are white unto the harvest. Now, while the latent anti-slavery feeling of the whole North is being developed by the startling and terrible event of this critical hour, the responsibilities of Abolitionists deepen in importance and solemnity. Now, no opportunity must be lost to impress upon the softened heart of the people their personal obligations to the four millions of slaves in this country. The diligent use of that long-tried and well-proved weapon, by which all reforms are to conquer, *the preaching of the truth*, is especially needful now, to save our cause from loss which will accrue to it if we suffer this emotional excitement to subside ere it shall harden into anti-slavery principle. In obtaining pecuniary means to carry on this work, our Annual Fair has proved a most valuable instrumentality. Of its moral influences, direct and indirect, they who have experienced them, year after year, during our long struggle against the spirit of despotism, need not to be reminded.

We commend this department of our enterprise to the care of the true friends of Freedom, confident that our call will elicit the response which, in previous years, has encouraged our hearts and strengthened our hands.

Donations, in money or articles of merchandise, may be sent to the Anti-Slavery Office, No. 107 North Fifth street, Philadelphia, or to any member of the Committee of Arrangements. M. G.

DISGRACEFUL.—*The Independent*, after joining with the *Journal of Commerce*, the *Express*, the *Times*, the *Observer* and other pro-slavery sheets in heaping reproach upon Dr. Cheever and his friends on account of his letter to Mr. Spurgeon and the application for foreign aid in behalf of the Church of the Puritans, opprobriously characterizing that application as "Church Mendicancy" and exulting over the treacherous action of the Trustees in opposition thereto, has, we are informed, deliberately refused to publish the defence made by the assailed parties before the Church, and deliberately endorsed by that body! An act so mean and base as this cannot fail to awaken the indignation of honorable men of all parties. The animus of *The Independent* in respect to Dr. Cheever becomes patent in the light of this fact. The friends of the anti-slavery cause in Great Britain can hardly need further evidence that the anti-slavery of Dr. Thompson and Dr. Bacon, who control that sheet, is of the pinchbeck sort.

The Slumber Broken.

A DISCOURSE,

Delivered in the Unitarian Church, Phila., Nov. 24th, 1859.

BY WILLIAM H. FURNESS.

> "If thou bring thy gift to the altar, and there rememberest that thy brother hath aught against thee, leave there thy gift before the altar, and go thy way; first be reconciled to thy brother, and then come and offer thy gift."—*Matthew v.: 23, 24.*

THE only condition upon which I can bring myself to join in the religious observance of this day, most especially at a juncture like the present, is that we use it first and chiefly to remember that our brother has a heavy account against us, and that the offering of gratitude that we bring to the altar, so far from being acceptable, defiles the altar, unless we consider what we owe to him, and are doing what we may to be reconciled to him.

Everything connected with this day should lead our thoughts in this direction. Widely recognized and simultaneously observed in a large number of these States, having become, to an imposing extent, an established institution of the land, occurring also within a month of the anniversary of the landing on the shores of New England of that little company whose influence has tended so powerfully to establish whatever of freedom exists among us, this annual Thanksgiving points our attention to the Pilgrim Fathers, and to the power with which the ideas and customs of New England act upon the country at large. And it inspires the hope that, if the institutions of New England extend themselves thus, even against the force of sectional prejudices, the spirit of Freedom and the sense of religious obligation, out of which all good institutions spring, and which have marked that part of the country, may diffuse themselves also. It should at least inspire the sons of New England, whether at home or abroad, with confidence in those principles. It should revive in them the faith and the courage of the fathers, which the cowardice of trade and the effeminacy of luxurious habits of life have done so much to destroy, and of which, God knows, there is at this hour so much need. The high memories of this day speak to the sympathies that bind us to man as well as to the sentiments by which we are related to God.

Again, the domestic and charitable character of this anniversary directs our thoughts the same way. To-day families are gathered under the paternal roof, and all the ties of kindred are closely drawn. The sacred affections of Nature, those God-ordained teachers of universal humanity, whose lessons make the heart tender to the claims of all parents and children, all husbands and wives, all brothers and sisters—these humanizing instincts are all called out to-day into lively activity. It is their holiday, and they throw wide open for us the way into the hearts of those parents and children who are torn from one another, never to meet again on earth, of those husbands and wives and kindred driven asunder by the arbitrary act of a most cruel Oppression. Can we cherish family love this day, and have no pity for those whose family ties are trodden in the dust? "Unhappy," it has been said, "is he whose mother does not make all mothers venerable." Unhappy is he whose parents and children do not make all parents and children sacred and dear.

But even if this anniversary had not its origin among the foremost friends of freedom on this soil, even if it were not of this humane character, I do not know how we could think of anything else to-day but our brothers and sisters in miserable bondage, and by our express sanction. Are we reminded now of our countless privileges? Are we not also naturally reminded of the millions on our soil whose very humanity is denied, who are forbidden to call husband or wife, parent or child their own?

Remember it is no matter of opinion that I am expressing. I am only stating a fact which cannot be questioned, a fact upon which our whole public order claims to rest, a fact so terribly real in its nature and bearings that over one-half of the land no man dares to state it aloud in a tone of condemnation unless he is prepared to suffer imprisonment or death. I repeat, how can it be but that the remembrance of our blessings should summon up all around us that vast host of the enslaved to whom, and by our allowance, these blessings are peremptorily denied?

There *was* a time—it was only a few years ago—when, on the return of this day, we could think of our blessings, and thank Heaven for them, and never have a single thought cross our minds of the oppressed myriads of our brethren. Strange, unaccountable as that insensibility now appears, it was even so; we could come to this altar with our gifts, and never recollect that our brother had aught against us. We used to boast even that our lot was cast in a land where *every* man, where *all*, enjoyed the precious gift of liberty. We absolutely forgot that there was such a thing as that most miserable of human beings, a slave, within our borders. So far from feeling the slightest sympathy for him, we did not even recognize his existence.

And then it was, by the way, under cover of this monstrous blindness, that the slaves increased from thousands to millions, and Oppression spread until the number of States of which it took possession more than doubled, growing from seven to fifteen. A fact this for the consideration of those who, with egregious absurdity, assert that it is the advocacy of Freedom that extends Slavery, that it is the assertion of the Right that strengthens the Wrong. Why, it is the very insensibility that so long prevailed which was one of the deadliest effects of Oppression, extending far and wide beyond its legalized limits. The Slave Power is fearfully strong still; but it was far stronger then, when, through all the North, there was not one voice heard in public condemnation of the mighty Sin, when it had seared all consciences and blinded all eyes to its enormity.

But, I repeat, time was when the silence in regard to the guilt and woe of slavery was profound and universal. And then, as I say, and strange as it now seems, it was possible for us to thank God, or to make ourselves believe that we thanked Him, for the great rights and privileges which we were withholding from millions of our fellow-beings.

But this is not possible any longer. We cannot any longer be so blinded, so miserably self-deluded as to imagine that we are grateful to God when we are crushing his image in our brother in the dust. The sin and the evil are now brought out into the full light of day. The deathlike silence was broken, first by the voice of a little company of men and women; and the yells of the mobs that instantly gathered to drown their strong words of condemnation were made, in the glorious Providence of Heaven, to reverberate those words in tones of thunder and send them rolling over the land, making it quake and quiver to its centre. And the blood-thirsty rage and the exorbitant demands, into which the Slave Power has been maddened by the condemning voice that has thus been heard, have served simply to echo that voice, and demonstrate the truth of its assertions.

Indeed, so strikingly has this been the case, so glaringly has the barbarian nature of Oppression betrayed itself, in every measure it has had recourse to, to strengthen itself and overcome all opposition, that it has seemed as if the advocates of slavery had nothing so near at heart as to vindicate the veracity of the friends of universal freedom, and make good the literal truth of all that has been said by the Abolitionists of the essential despotism of the Slave Power. Again and again they who have dared to denounce the hideous wrong have been charged with using too strong language. The country, slowly and reluctantly waking up from its long, deep sleep, has again and again refused to give credit to their statements and prophecies, reviling them as calumniators and fanatics driven mad by one idea. And yet the language, complained of as too strong, has scarcely passed their lips, before what was pronounced exaggeration has been rendered tame before some new outrage, some new claim made in behalf of the Slave Power, so monstrous that even those who thought themselves prepared for any development of its iniquity have stood aghast before it, and felt that the English language furnishes no terms adequate to a representation of the horrible nature of the wrong.

Witness, in testimony of what I say, the denial of the sacred right of petition, the burning of halls, and the destruction of presses, and the gagging of pulpits, and the lynching of individuals devoted to Free Speech, the violation of the sanctity of the Post-Office, the prices put upon the heads of the lovers of Freedom, the abrogation of the Missouri Compromise, the infernal Fugitive Slave law cancelling the law of God and the precepts of Christ, the claim of equal protection from the Government for Liberty and Slavery, the assertion of the Divine right and of Scriptural authority to buy and sell human beings, the murderous assault upon an illustrious Senator in the Senate Chamber, the revival of the Foreign trade in human flesh, and the more than Austrian suppression at this moment of every free thought throughout the South.

As the first indispensable step towards the abolition of any wrong is a clear perception of the wrong, of its deadly qualities and relations, so all these events have wrought, one after another, to no end more directly than to lay bare to the public eye the essential hostility of the Slave Power to all human security and peace. They have all had this one effect, to render that terrible slumber of the universal conscience no longer possible. In other words, they have all served the great purpose of the Abolitionists, and shown what seemed, to superficial observers, defeats to be a steady succession of victories—victories, fearful under some aspects, but still victories, still necessary steps towards the consummation of the greatest and dearest hopes of humanity. And in that wonderful book, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the Iliad of the great Siege of the Stronghold of Oppression, sung in the ears of a listening world, translated into so many different languages that the British Museum is now engaged in making a collection of those translations merely for the sake of the light they will throw upon the existing state of the different tongues spoken by man—in that book, in which the necessary preliminary knowledge of the great Wrong to be abolished has been published far and wide, we hear the first far-off bugle-note announcing the final victory, the certainty of which will be officially proclaimed on the second of December, when the sign manual of Almighty God shall be put to the sacred Cause of the Slave, written in the blood of honest and heroic men.

The wrongs of our brother being thus published all round the world, and every outrage being a new demonstration of them, I repeat, the blindness of a few years ago is no longer possible. We have tried, all of us, Heaven knows, to retain our blindness. We have struggled hard to withhold our sympathy from our enslaved brother, to keep our eyes shut, to continue asleep, and so profoundly asleep that the clanking of his chains and the cry of his agony may not disturb us, and we may not even dream of him. There are not a few who are still trying to hide themselves from their own flesh, so that, when it is cut and lacerated and quivering they shall not feel it; and they creep away into churches and try to cover themselves up under ecclesiastical ceremonies and dogmas, out of hearing of the uproar, which, making the very ground tremble under them, attends every step of the poor slave as he comes to knock at the door of their hearts. But it is all of no avail, or it will very soon be of no avail. It is but trying to remember to forget. Every effort, every struggle of resistance only drags us out more fully to confront our injured brother, only drives more deeply into our souls the conviction that his blood is our blood, and his wrongs are our wrongs.

Once more, then, I say, it is out of the question that we should keep him out of our minds this day. He is here, laid now upon our hearts by the hand of God. And only as he has now our sympathy will God accept our thanksgiving.

I suggest it to you now, brothers and sisters, as a special cause of gratitude this day, that the deep sleep, in which the slave was forgotten, has been so thoroughly broken. Many there are who are yet so overpowered by slumber that they cannot distinguish the grand triumphal music of God, to which the march of events is keeping time, and which, I doubt not, is swelling so grandly on the soul of the old hero in Virginia that he will go to the grim gallows as to a resplendent throne. Not so wide awake as he, we hear only a chaotic din of profane human passions, and we cry hush! and hug our pillows and pray for a little more sleep, a little more slumber. But if we are so far aroused as to discern the overruling Providence, without which not a sparrow falls to the ground, we shall thank Heaven this day that so many stirring events are taking place to arrest the general attention and to interest the people of this land, beyond their will to prevent it, in the glorious Cause of the Oppressed.

For years the friends of universal freedom have been assailed with the reproach of keeping up an agitation worse than useless. They have been stigmatized as firebrands and disturbers of the public peace. And yet to a large and increasing number it is now becoming more and more plain that they have not labored in vain. Faithfully enduring the sneers and cavils and persecutions which have attended them at every step, they have sought to awaken attention to the appeal of the Slave. And what they have aimed to do, they have done. Impugn their motives and object to their methods as you please, the fact cannot be denied that, by their means, an immense amount of information has been diffused far and wide, and a great deal of feeling has been created. They have not been toiling all this while that we should think well of *them*. On that point they have cared comparatively little. But that our indifference to our oppressed fellow-man should pass away—*that* has been their object. And this end they have reached.

The influence thus exerted has not been as water spilt on the ground, since, even if it had no other result, it has prepared so many minds for a just appreciation of the startling events of the last few weeks. Had the enterprise of John Brown been undertaken twenty years ago, when, as we are told, he felt the yoke of the oppressed weigh heavily on his heart, how few would there then have been to understand him! How few to do justice to the nobleness of his intention! All the Christian and heroic traits of his character would have been hidden from our then half open and dreamy eyes, and we should have seen only a fanatic and a madman. But now, while his reliance upon force is deplored (condemned it cannot be by any one who maintains, as I do not, the lawfulness of righting the wronged by violence), now, whilst his rashness is lamented, what multitudes all over the North are prompt to do full justice to the generous heart of the devout old man! The idea of him is beginning to color the whole Northern sentiment, and to communicate a new element of vitality to the air that we breathe. And, although from all that we learn of him, he is so brave and so religious that he needs human sympathy as little as any man, and will,

> "As gentle and as jocund as to rest,
> Go forth to die; truth hath a quiet breast;"

still he will not go alone. The sympathy, the blessing, the prayers of myriads will go with him; and could they take visible shapes, he would be attended at the last, his prison would be encompassed now, by a legion of angelic ministrants, making the place to shine with a splendor above the brightness of the sun.

And this is so because the public heart has been prepared and set in order thus to entertain the heroic guest whom Providence has sent us. Thank God, then, this day that, if we have been stupefied for long years by custom and law to the sufferings of the oppressed, the North, at least, has so far recovered from its stupefaction that it can recognize this brave and simple-hearted man, and that such a man as he cannot go to death for the Right and in obedience to a deep religious conviction utterly misunderstood. I trust, my friends, that we all so understand him as not to look upon his approaching fate as a melancholy defeat. It is anything but that. He has reached such a period of life, he is so far advanced, that to think of him as having his life prolonged for the few years that might remain, and, with his principles and aims, spent in inaction, that would be melancholy indeed. For his younger associates, cut violently off in the bloom of their years, we may lament. But for him let no tears be shed, not a drop, save only for his nobleness and his victory. He writes to his wife, I understand, that "his mind is tranquil, even joyous." We cannot enter into that joy, we can hardly surmise it, the joy of those who die, and who hold themselves the very elect of God in that it is given them to die for a great and beneficent principle. "Blessed are ye," said Jesus, "who suffer for Righteousness' sake. *Rejoice and be exceeding glad*, for great is your reward in Heaven."

But, my friends, not only on this day must we be reminded of those in our land who are stript of all the rights and blessings for which we assemble to thank God; most assuredly, if we appreciate these blessings sufficiently to be thankful for them, we must naturally desire to communicate them to others, especially since the greater the numbers who are possessed of these blessings, the more secure will be our possession of them. Our share in the gift of Freedom is not lessened by its diffusion. On the contrary, every man's rights are in danger so long as the rights of the humblest are denied. How clear is the course of events making this fact! So long as one member suffers, all the members suffer with it. Even short-sighted politicians are beginning to find this out; that the violation of the rights of the African involves the rights of the Anglo-Saxon; that white men are not safe from Oppression when black men are crushed by it. Our self-interest, then, dictates that we should range ourselves on the side of the oppressed, for, in helping them, we are defending ourselves. When one class of men holds another class in bondage, the oppressing class, as is the case now at the South, is forced to resign those sacred Rights of Free Thought and Free Speech, which are so precious that the Constitution of the United States has aimed to guard them with the greatest care. They are the principles in which consists the essential worth of our American Institutions. The Cause of the Slave, then, is the cause of the master. The master, in putting a chain upon him, has fastened the heavy chain of Fear upon his own mind, and thrust a gag into his own mouth; and whatever men may think at the South, they dare not, the bravest of them dare not, utter a loud word, save as the Power that oppresses them all permits.

Does not every intelligent man see that it must be so, and cannot, in the unchangeable nature of things, be otherwise? The Cause of the Oppressed is the Cause of our universal Humanity. The mighty hand of the Creator, the eternal laws of Nature have bound us indissolubly in one.

But even if we could not see this, even if all history, past and present, all human experience did not show it, the very instincts of our nature prompt us to feel for others, and to communicate to them what we enjoy. O friends, if we really knew the infinite worth of personal liberty, which is one of the chief gifts for which we profess our gratitude to Heaven to-day, we could not keep it to ourselves. It would burn in our hearts. We should so desire to give it that we could neither eat, nor drink, nor sleep; our household comforts and luxuries would be annoyances to us, positive privations—we should be ready to fling popularity, property, and life even, to the winds, if we might only impart to others this blessing of blessings, this only means of individual growth and happiness, this great good of life, for which scaffolds have in all ages run with the blood of saints and heroes, who have held themselves only too highly honored in being permitted to die for so grand a Cause.

Our Philadelphia Correspondence.

MRS. BROWN AND HER FAMILY.

PHILADELPHIA, Nov. 28th, 1859.

WHILE much has been said—though none too much—of the heroism and nobility of soul of Captain John Brown, it is not known, as it ought to be, that his wife and children have been distinguished in a large measure by the same characteristics. It has been my privilege, for most of the past week, to be an inmate of the same house with Mrs. Brown; and I must say, not only for myself, but for those who have shared with me in the privilege, that the more we have seen of her, and the more we have learned, through her, of the rest of the family, the more we have been impressed in favor of them all.

As for Mrs. Brown herself, she is just the woman to be the wife of the hero of Harper's Ferry. Stalwart of frame and strong in native intellect, she is imbued with the same religious faith, and her heart overflows with the same sympathies. Her bearing in her present distress is admirable. She is brave without insensibility, tender without weakness; and though overwhelmed by the deepest sorrow, her sorrow is not as of one having no hope; and her hope is not that her husband will be reprieved, or have his sentence commuted, but that all he has done and is now doing will not only accrue to the benefit, but precipitate the triumph of the cause they have all had so much at heart. Absorbed by the great events that are passing before her, and apparently unconscious that she is an object of observation, her demeanor is marked by unaffected propriety and natural dignity.

Mrs. Brown reads everything that is published concerning the great topic, and listens to everything that is said, with the keenest avidity. The daily papers are brought out in the evening and read aloud; her ears are open to every word, and her comments add much to their interest. Through the day she reads them all over and over again, and waits with impatience for the next that are to come. It was a great disappointment to her to be prevented from joining her husband in his prison, there to wait till the execution; but she is fully convinced by what he has written, as well as by her own reflections, that it would not be best for her to do so. For the present, therefore, she is content to remain as near to him as possible, relying on post and telegraph to bring her word, without delay, of everything that may concern her. She is in the receipt of letters from him which afford her great comfort. In the last received he says: "My mind is very tranquil, I may say *joyous*." I wish your readers could have the pleasure, with us, of perusing these letters; some of them are even more beautiful and touching than any that have yet been printed. Doubtless they will all, ere a great while, be given to the public.

When the letter of Mr. Brown to the Rev. Mr. Vaill, of Litchfield, was read to her, which it was immediately after the paper came to hand containing it, she sat with form erect and listened with deep but composed attention; but when the reader came to the passage where he says, "I have lost my two noble boys," she dropped her head suddenly, as if pierced with an arrow, and for a while was overcome with emotion. She soon recovered herself, however, and, wiping her eyes and resuming her erect position, indicated that she was ready to hear the rest.

She reads everything on the subject that comes within her reach—except the extracts from the *New York Observer*. "That paper," she said the other evening, with more excitement of manner than is usual with her, "I cannot abide. I can read all that the Southern papers say, and all that is said in the *New York Herald*, but I cannot bear to read anything from the *New York Observer*." Her husband's comments on Beecher's sermon afforded her much gratification. She laughed and cried over them alternately. They were "*so* characteristic," she said.

From facts stated and remarks incidentally made by Mrs. Brown in conversation, it is evident that entire harmony has prevailed in their large and diversified family circle. Mr. Brown's ascendancy over them all is very great, and in him they are bound together as an unit. They cherish his religious faith and accord fully in his views of duty. The children all, from the eldest son down to the daughter of 16, have been ready to take their lives in their hands, and brave any peril, if by so doing they could rescue the slave from his oppressor. Six of the family—the father and three sons, and two others connected with them by marriage—were among the party who led the forlorn hope at Harper's Ferry; and some who remained behind found it cost more self-denial to do so than was called for by those who went.

Captain Brown, though born to command and bound to be obeyed, was a tender husband and a kind and gentle father. "When I have been ill," said Mrs. Brown, "he has always been nurse; unless," she added, "he was compelled to be absent." "For two weeks together he has sat up, night after night, just to keep alive the fire, fearing, if he were to lie down and go soundly to sleep, it would go out, and I should thereby take cold." "Many and many a time has he bid me good-bye, hardly able to speak for his tears, saying that he might never see me again."

Such has been the character of Captain Brown, as seen in his domestic relations. His children, it appears, were, in this respect, essentially like him. "The last time Watson went away," said Mrs. Brown, "after he came out from taking leave of his wife, he sobbed so loud he could be heard in every part of the house. Their infant was only two weeks old, and you may suppose it was very hard for them to part under such circumstances." "And it was the same way," she added, "with Oliver and his wife, only that Oliver's grief was more quiet than Watson's."

Mrs. Brown represents her son Oliver as being a youth of more than common promise. He was "in advance of his years—a deep thinker—much like his father." When near Harper's Ferry, last summer, he was much impressed by certain tragic circumstances which there occurred, and he wrote home to his sister that he could not think of abandoning his work so long as such things were going on. "If," said he, in that letter, "only one good action is done in a lifetime, it is enough to show that life is not altogether a failure."

In the rearing of his family, Captain Brown had great regard to their religious interests. His library consisted chiefly of the Bible, Baxter's Saints' Rest, Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress, and Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul. The Bible, with which his letters show him to be perfectly familiar, he was in the practice of reading "in course," as were his fathers before him. The custom of hearing the family, every Sunday afternoon, repeat the "Catechism," he did not keep up, regarding it as more burdensome than profitable; but he substituted therefor the recitation of the Ten Commandments. These, all the family, old and young, were required to repeat every Sunday as regularly as the day came round. "After which," said Mrs. Brown, "he usually talked to them; speaking sometimes half an hour, sometimes an hour, sometimes two hours, just as he or they might seem interested."

Captain Brown inculcated a practical, not a formal or a sentimental, religion. "First pure, then peaceable," was his idea of Christianity. Love for God was to be shown by good will to men. In a letter written home, not long since, he requested that little Ellen, their youngest child, a girl of 5 years, might be taught a certain couplet which all the rest had learned by heart as they grew up. "But," said Mrs. Brown, "his request was not necessary, for Ellen had already learned it from the other children." The lines were these:

"Count that day lost whose low descending sun
Views from thy hand no worthy action done."

As an illustration of the practical character of the man, I am allowed to quote a passage from one of his late letters to his wife. It refers to a proposition which had been made by a kind friend to give the benefits of a more liberal education to two of his younger daughters:

"Now, let me say a word about the effort to educate our daughters. I am no longer able to provide means to help towards that object, and it therefore becomes me not to dictate in the matter. I shall gratefully submit the direction of the whole thing to those whose generosity may lead them to undertake it in their behalf, while I give *anew* a little expression of my own choice respecting it. You, my wife, *perfectly well know* that I have always expressed a decided preference for a very *plain, but perfectly practical*, education for both our *sons and daughters*. I do not mean an education so very miserable as that *you and I* received in early life. When I say plain, but practical, I mean enough of the learning of the schools to enable them to transact the common business of life, together with that thorough training in good business habits which best prepares both men and women to be useful, though poor, and to meet the *stern realities* of life with a good grace. You well know that I always claimed that the music of the broom, wash-tub, needle, spindle, loom, axe, scythe, hoe, flail, &c., should first be learned *at all events*, and that of the piano, &c., afterwards. I put them in that order as most conducive to health of body and mind; and for obvious reasons that, after a life of some experience and much observation, I have found *ten women* as well as *ten men* who have made their mark in life *right*, whose early training was of that plain, practical kind, to one who had a more popular and fashionable early training."

The wives of Watson and Oliver, as well as the wife of Captain Brown, were in the fullest sympathy with their husbands, and, from all that appears, have borne their parts with equal bravery and heroism. Captain Brown incidentally bears testimony to this, in part at least, when he says, as he does in one of his recent letters to his wife: "The sacrifices which *you* and I have made" (underscoring the word "you") "I do not regard as at all too great." Mrs. Brown speaks of her daughters-in-law—Isabella and Martha, the wives respectively of Watson and Oliver—in terms of warm commendation.

From all this—and you need not be assured that in these statements I have adhered as close as may be to simple verity—I think you will agree with me that Captain Brown, in the generosity and nobleness of his character, does not stand alone in his family. He has a wife meet for such a husband, and children worthy of their father.

—If it were not for this all-absorbing theme, I should have something to add on other subjects; but we are so engrossed with this great topic that it is hard to think of anything else, and I doubt if any other would much interest your readers.

Mr. Furness delivered an admirable discourse on Thanksgiving day, which I trust will appear in THE STANDARD. Mrs. Brown was present—unknown to the preacher and to the congregation. She was recognized, however, before the assembly dispersed, and was soon surrounded by many friends, who, with overflowing eyes, came forward to take her by the hand and testify their sympathy.

To-night we are to have a lecture from Wendell Phillips on Toussaint L'Ouverture. Some opposition is threatened, but, as such menaces are not unusual, they don't disturb us. It must be owned, however, that the numerous radical anti-slavery utterances that have been going forth from this city lately are well calculated to test the patience of our pro-slavery opponents, and I should not wonder if, before the week were out, we should have some counter demonstration.

Our meeting in National Hall next Friday—the day of the execution—I trust will be an impressive and profitable one. Mr. Furness, Mrs. Mott, Mary Grew and others are to speak.

That miscreant, Myers, who carried off poor Butler and his wife into Maryland, and who has been lying in the Carlisle jail all summer, has had his trial and been convicted of kidnapping. He was defended by Hepburn, Ex-Judge of the Cumberland County Court, and *five* others, most of them Maryland lawyers, but justice triumphed, the jury bringing in a verdict of guilty. This is encouraging. When attorneys like Hepburn are defeated, and officers such as McCartney turn in favor of freedom, there is some hope for Pennsylvania. It is a slight set-off against the disgrace inflicted on us by the perfidy of Fitzhugh and Logan, who betrayed poor Cooke. For, though these creatures are not Pennsylvanians, our State must bear the odium all the same.

M.

LATER—BROWN'S BODY TO BE GIVEN UP TO HIS WIFE.

The following passage from a private letter, dated at Philadelphia on Monday, seems almost too sacred for the public eye, but we venture to insert it in view of the intense sympathy which all our readers feel for Mrs. Brown, and because we are sure it will exert a wholesome influence. The writer, with a few friends, visited Mrs. Brown on Monday.—*Editor.*

"Just before tea, a messenger from our Mayor arrived, bringing to Mrs Brown a letter from Gov. Wise and a copy of his order for the delivery of her husband's dead body to her. His letter *seemed* really sympathetic, and his order provided for her the fullest protection, if she should choose to go to Virginia to receive it. That message from him was as the last breath of the dying; it annihilated, in one instant, the last hope of her heart. She had said she had no hope; in that terrible moment she learned how tenaciously she had grasped the shadow of one. Strong soul as she is, she was overwhelmed by the surges of her grief; and who could comfort her? I think we all felt that we were honored and blessed in being permitted to be near one made sacred by such grief, in that solemn hour. She has sources of strength which the world knows not of, and they have never failed her, and never will. She is *never* so unnerved that she would save her husband's life (were it possible) by a mean or wicked act. It is delightful to hear the quiet, matter-of-course way in which she says, when a gleam of hope had fallen on her heart from the report that a case of insanity might be made out, 'But I couldn't say, if I were called upon, that my husband was insane, even to save his life; because he wasn't.' As if the utterance of an untruth were a natural as well as a moral impossibility to her. Oh! she's a glorious soul, *living* the heroism of which poets sing."

HISTORY OF SLAVE INSURRECTIONS.

NOTE FROM JOSHUA COFFIN.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IN THE STANDARD of last week I noticed an article, copied from the *Philadelphia Press*, which gives a very false account of General Gabriel and his intended insurrection. It it as full of errors as some of the editorials in the late numbers of the *Boston Courier*. As I intend to publish, in a few days, in pamphlet form, a short account of some of the insurrections that have been attempted in this country from 1638 to the present time, I will only add that Gabriel was never a *free* negro. He was the *slave* of Thomas Prosser, of Richmond, Va. He escaped to Norfolk in a "lugger," commanded by Capt. Taylor. He escaped to Richmond about the first of September, 1800. For his apprehension the Governor offered $300, not $20,000 or $10,000. On September 24th he was brought back, and on Oct. 7th he was executed, with fifteen others. See for particulars the *Virginia Gazette*, the *New York Spectator* and the *Massachusetts Mercury* of September and October, 1800, which give an account almost wholly different from that first published in the *Philadelphia Press*. Perhaps some of your readers can furnish a copy of the song and the tune entitled "Gabriel's Defeat," which is still sung in various places.

JOSHUA COFFIN.

Newbury, Mass., Nov. 21, 1859.

Thanks to our old friend, long "out of sight," but *not* "out of mind," for his note, which not only assures us of his unabated interest in everything relating to slavery, but conveys the gratifying information that he is about to give the world the benefit of at least some portion of his researches in a field with which he is doubtless more familiar than any other living man. We wish he might be induced to prepare a thorough history of Slave Insurrections in this country from its earliest settlement to this day. We shall await with interest the appearance of his pamphlet.

WENDELL PHILLIPS delivered his lecture on Toussaint l'Ouverture to a crowded and orderly assembly in National Hall, Philadelphia, on Monday evening. An allusion to the Harper's Ferry affair was received, says *The Ledger*, with great applause. Mr. Phillips said, in concluding his lecture, that they might call him a fanatic if they pleased; but one hundred years hence, when another Tacitus shall write a history, he will give Hampton to the English, Lafayette to the French, Washington to the Americans, and John Brown as the divinist gift which God lent a later generation, and then, dipping his pen in the sunlight, will write above them all, in the clear blue, the name of the hero, the statesman, the martyr, Toussaint l'Ouverture.

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCLIX.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent still harping on John Brown—He draweth the morals of his attempt—And giveth an account of the Tremont Temple Meeting for his family—He trembleth for the Church and sympathizeth with the Post—Danger to the Old South—The Fair for the Washington Statue—The Correspondent's fears of a prize—He sympathizeth with the loss of the Mount Vernon Fund—And telleth of Lord Brougham and Mr. Everett—He speaketh evil of dignities and speculateth as to the fate of Burnham—Also as to the Conflict of Laws, &c. &c. &c.

BOSTON, Nov. 28, 1859.

You cannot expect much from me this time, any more than the last, excepting touching John Brown and his companions in bonds. This is almost the only topic of conversation still, and yet it gives little or nothing for me to say; inasmuch as such is doubtless the case with you and all the rest of the country, too. It certainly is South of Mason and Dixon's line. Never was the Scripture, "one shall chase a thousand and two put ten thousand to flight," more effectually fulfilled. Less than a thousand troops on the spot, and all the available men of Virginia and the neighboring States ready to act as Militia-men, are insufficient to keep Captain Brown and his five comrades in Charlestown jail! His stroke, though it missed its first success, certainly had a most material secondary one. He most effectually showed the weakness of the slave States and the hollowness of all the cant by which slaveholders seek to enforce on Northern Noodledom that the slaves are contented and would not be set free if they could. I do not know whether the rumors of projected rescues which have caused all this martial demonstration have any foundation in fact or not; but the opinion hereabouts is that if there be five hundred men determined on such an attempt, they could drive the Virginia chivalry before them, with very little trouble. And if Captain Brown has any disciples left of his school of Anti-Slavery philosophy, he has at least shown them by his success how deadly a panic a handful of men can strike into the heart of Slavedom, while his failure has taught them what are the military errors to be avoided.

However, these are speculations which are not particularly profitable, though they will be indulged in, and, indeed, they are the chief talk of the town—as how can it be otherwise, when Governor Wise is so resolute that the nation should talk of nothing else? But the interest in Captain Brown took a more substantial shape on Saturday week, when the meeting in aid of his family was held in the Tremont Temple. Though the advertisement of the meeting was hardly sufficiently general, the Hall was very nearly filled by an audience which must have exceeded two thousand persons in number, reckoning from the amount taken at the door. The meeting were very much of one mind, as might have been expected. The speeches of Mr. John A. Andrew and Mr. Wendell Phillips were what might have been expected from the public antecedents of those gentlemen. But what shocked the sensibilities of our hunker public was the cordial appearance on the John Brown platform of the Rev. Dr. Neale, of the principal Baptist Church here, and of the Rev. Mr. Manning, the colleague pastor of the Old South Church. The godly *Post* shuddered the next morning over the blasphemies of these two divines, and evidently trembled for the safety of Zion! Nothing, indeed, could well be more thorough and hearty than the sympathy expressed by both these reverend gentlemen in the objects of the meeting. I do not wonder at the concern of such pillars of the Church as well as of the State, as the Editor of *The Post*, at seeing a Brown sympathizer coming down the pulpit stairs of the Old South Church, which we have all along regarded as the very Malakoff or Gibraltar of pro-slavery hunkerism, and going up those of the Tremont Temple. Where can one be safe, if not there? If abolitionism have effected a lodgment there, from what holy of holies can it be kept out? I shall expect next to hear that the Rev. Dr. Stow's Church in Rowe street has reconsidered its prohibition of colored men from seeking the way to heaven through their gates and struck out the condition in the deeds of the pews forbidding a sale to sinners of so dark a dye. The net result of the meeting was about $400; and this might have been much increased by a contribution of money and short pledges, taken up on the spot. An effort is, however, making to make the amount up to a higher figure, and I cannot but wish it success; although, I am thereby compelled to differ from *The Courier*, which regards the movement as one of an immoral tendency.

I have next to no happenings to tell you of, hereabouts. For ten days or so there was held a Fair in the Music Hall for the purpose of raising funds to procure an Equestrian Statue of Washington, to be erected on the Common, or some other public place. Patriotism, I dare say, had some share in this movement, but friendship for Mr. Thomas Ball, the intended artist, a good deal more. He is a deserving man, and I wish him all possible prosperity; but I am not sure that there is any occasion for such a monument to Washington here. However, I went in to see how the Fair went on, having a friendly recollection of such efforts in the time gone by. The display of goods did not seem to me to be equal in beauty to that of the Anti-Slavery Bazaars, and I imagine the result of the attempt will hardly come up to the expectations of those that promoted it. There was a small collection of pictures, however, lent for the occasion, which were well worth the seeing and the paying to see. One of the objects of interest was the autograph manuscript of Mr. Everett's Oration at the Inauguration of the Webster Statue, elegantly bound and contributed by himself. This was too great a treasure to be put at any price within the ambition of any one private man, so it was made the prize of a raffle at one dollar a ticket. I positively declined adventuring in this lottery, for, although I have never yet drawn a prize in all the multitude of Bazaar raffles on which I have staked my capital, I was perfectly sure that I should draw this one. So I sternly refused to embark in a venture which I knew must turn in my favor. My natural honesty forbade my taking such an advantage of my partners in the speculation.

I have said that this prize was the Manuscript of the Webster Oration; but I am not so sure that it was not that of the Washington one. *That* would certainly have been the most appropriate on this particular occasion. And, *apropos* to this, we have lately been startled by the news that all that expenditure of breath and money was labor in vain and money spent for naught. Do you suppose it can be true that Mr. John A. Washington, after dickering for his great relative's bones and getting his full price for them, is not able to give a title to the same, after all? I believe it is literally true, from what I have heard on good authority. The story I have heard is that that valuable personage, not content with his speculation in the lands of Washington, went into one in lands in Chicago. The unhappy submergence of corner-lots through the great flood of 1857 has left him high and dry, and Mount Vernon liable for his debts in that direction, and perhaps in others. This, if true, is a most lame and impotent conclusion of all that mighty scheme and of all those pains. Mr. Everett will have to begin over again. Dr. Radcliffe, when he lost £20,000 in the South Sea Scheme, said, "Well, it is only going up 20,000 pairs of stairs to make it all right again!" So Mr. Everett may console himself by the thought that it is only speaking the Washington Oration over a hundred times to raise his contribution over again. Only, I should think he would keep hold of it himself, next time, until he is sure the consideration therefor is to be received. I heard, awhile ago, that an American in England was in conversation with Lord Brougham, and the conversation fell on Mr. Everett. His lordship said that he saw Mr. Everett had been making many speeches lately on the subject of Washington. His collocutor informed him that it was one speech made many times, and not many speeches. This information struck the veteran orator as the funniest thing in the world. The idea of a man repeating the same speech a hundred times! He had supposed that they were all fresh and new speeches. And, *apropos* to him, and both of them, there was a very fine portrait of Lord B. in the collection just named, belonging to Mr. Everett, by Gambadella.

Mr. Commissioner Burnham is yet in jail for having expressed the contempt generally felt for our mean and sneaking General Court. This precious body is trying to eke out its session as long as possible for the purpose of rolling up their pay-roll to the most corpulent proportions possible. It is holding an Extra Session to act on the Revised Statutes, prepared by a Committee in the summer, and this it has continued to prolong, on one pretext and another, until this time, and we shall not probably be rid of them before their successors meet. Their regular pay being three dollars a day, they propose paying themselves now *four* for the extra session. Happily, very few of these beggars have been reëlected; but, unhappily, they have the power to make the most of the time they have left. Mr. Burnham has been indicted for adulterating his liquors, an offence punishable by the State's Prison, by the Maine Law. I do not know enough of the policy of the Liquor-selling Directory that governs Boston to say whether they will permit him to be convicted or not. The City Government here is elected with the distinct understanding that the jury-list is to be so arranged that no Liquor seller can be convicted. Perhaps I should say no respectable one, for I believe a disreputable one is now and then given up to justice. I don't know to which of these categories Mr. Burnham will be considered to belong. His fate depends upon it. You will recollect that when Burns was sent back to slavery under escort of the Sims Brigade, it was because "Law was to be obeyed while it was Law!" But, you will understand, the case is entirely different when a law is to be obeyed which the Voice and Will of the Brotherhood refuses to allow and protect! I do not myself think the Maine Law a good one; but it doesn't strike me as being any worse than the Fugitive Slave Law.

I have had the pleasure of meeting Senator Sumner two or three times since his return from Europe. He looks entirely well and considers himself so. But we cannot feel quite sure how it is until he has passed the ordeal of the next session, which will be a fierce one. The slaveholders will bring all their Harper's Ferry panic into Congress and try to carry in the next President by its help. If Mr. Sumner can stand the coming session, without a relapse, he may be regarded as sound as ever. If good wishes from the good and bad wishes from the bad can help him, he is safe enough.

D. Y.

THE EXECUTION OF JOHN BROWN.

> The gallows from which John Brown ascends into Heaven will be, in our politics, what the cross is in our religion. It is fitting that he should die. He has done enough and borne enough for the world's freedom. On the Second of December he is to be strangled for obeying the Sermon on the Mount. To be hanged in Virginia is like being crucified at Jerusalem; it is the last tribute which Sin pays to Virtue. John Brown, in dying, leaves to us two legacies—one his unfinished work, and the other the families whose husbands and fathers and brothers fell in defending the cause of the oppressed. May God help us to be faithful to these trusts.—*Rev. Edwin M. Wheelock.*

BEFORE this number of THE STANDARD can reach the majority of our readers JOHN BROWN will, in all human probability, be put to death, the time fixed for the execution being Friday, before 12 o'clock. The preparations for the terrible tragedy, so far as they are known here at the time of going to press, will be found recorded below. The formidable military preparations for the event are predicated upon the utterly ridiculous assumption that extensive preparations are being made in the free States to effect a rescue of the prisoner. The stories which seem to have frightened the whole State of Virginia are so preposterous that they would not gain credence anywhere save in a community debased by slavery and stung by a sense of guilt. The letters purporting to disclose an extensive plot to rescue John Brown were either manufactured on the spot as an excuse for all this military display, and to excite the people of the South for party purposes, or written by irresponsible persons at the North (not Abolitionists, of course), as an experiment upon slaveholding credulity and terror. That the reports of armed men approaching from Ohio and Pennsylvania, and secret societies organized throughout the North, are baseless falsehoods, no sensible man can for a moment doubt; and we do not believe that Gov. Wise can exhibit anything worthy to be called evidence of their truth. The Petersburg (Va.) *Intelligencer* takes substantially the same view of the matter that we do. It says:

"The excess of zeal, or of courage, or of timidity, whichever it is, that is now being played off, is only of *a piece with the general conduct of public men of the South*, since the slavery agitation has absorbed all our politics. If Gov. Wise makes so much fuss where there is no danger, what would he do if there were real danger?"

PREPARATIONS FOR THE TRAGEDY.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 25, 1859.

The determination to prevent the ingress of strangers, as the time of the execution approaches, gathers strength. I am told that all persons, without exception, will be rigidly excluded next Friday, and that the few strangers who may happen to be in town will be closely watched during the day, until all is over. I think that the rules will not even be set aside in favor of journalists. There is to be a reporter for the Associated Press on the spot, but it is doubtful about the admission of special correspondents. Suspicion is the pervading feeling.

Correspondence of The N. Y. Times.

CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 26, 1859.

The programme for the execution, as arranged by Gov. Wise, is substantially as follows: All good citizens will be requested to absent themselves from the scene and about the scaffold; the troops, two thousand strong, will form an immense square, with the object of keeping the people beyond the reach of Brown's voice, should he desire to deliver an incendiary speech. If Brown desires to address the public, he must do so in writing. The soldiers are having a jolly time, at the expense of Virginia. It will cost the Treasury a quarter of a million at least.

Rest assured Brown will die game. Barnum has an agent here, and has offered him $100 for his clothes and his pike, and his certificate of their genuineness.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 27, 1859.

The principal excitement of yesterday (Saturday) was caused by the public exhibition, at the Sheriff's office, of the rope with which John Brown is to be hung. It was examined by crowds. The horrible, blood-thirsty discourses for which it afforded the text were almost startling, even in this region of barbarous freedom of speech. I think that if ample arrangements had not been made to preserve order during the execution, Brown might be seized by the infuriated people and torn in pieces. There is no limit to the violence of expression here; whether it will lead to equal violence of action is doubtful. I should judge not; words cost nothing—deeds demand daring and courage.

The fact that the rope is made of South Carolina cotton is pointed out with exultation. "No Northern hemp," says the Sheriff, "shall help to punish our felons."

Brown has within a day or two appeared more quiet and thoughtful than before, as if his mind were fixed upon his rapidly approaching death. He is perfectly composed, and wholly reconciled to his fate, as indeed he has been along. To-day he is engaged in writing a long letter to one of his friends, which he desires to have published after his execution, and in which he endeavors to set right certain errors which he says have appeared in the newspaper accounts of his conversations with Gov. Wise. He is very earnest on one point. He declares he never has said that his attempt at Harper's Ferry was intended as a revenge for the injuries he received in Kansas. Here, he avers, he has been misrepresented and misunderstood.

Despatch to The New York Herald.

HARPER'S FERRY, Monday, Nov. 28, 1859.

I have just learned that the most stringent regulations have been adopted in regard to the presence of civilians at the execution. All applications for passes for civilians to attend within the military lines are refused by the Governor, on the ground that it would conflict with the military programme. He said that no civilians could, under any circumstances, be admitted within the military lines, the outer one of which would be nearly a mile from the scaffold. Not a word of what John Brown may utter, if he should say anything, will, therefore, be audible to the men forming even the line next the gallows.

Gov. Wise stated the cause of this exclusion of all persons other than the military to be, that in the event of an attempted rescue, an order to fire upon the prisoner will be given, and that those within the lines, especially those sufficiently near the gallows to hear what Brown may say, would inevitably share his fate.

Correspondence of The Tribune.

CHARLESTOWN, Nov. 28, 1859.

Gen. Taliaferro has issued the strictest orders that until the hour of the execution no person shall be allowed to visit the condemned, unless bearing a special permit from him. Last evening I obtained a permit, and, with a few others, entered the jail and conversed with the occupants of the various cells. I first saw Brown and Stevens, who are still in the same cells, and will continue so until death parts them. Brown received the entire party with cordiality. He set aside his work—the letter of which I told you yesterday, and turned around in his chair—excusing himself, however, from rising, as he was unable to stand without some pain. He did not say whether this pain was caused by the fetters upon his ankles, or otherwise. I should suppose not, as the chains are light, and so arranged that he does not find much difficulty in walking. In all his conversation Brown showed the utmost gentleness and tranquillity, and a quiet courtesy withal, that contrasted rather strongly with the bearing of some of his visitors. He repeated that he was in every way reconciled to his destiny, and spoke cheerfully of what was to come upon him.

The preparations for resisting the enemy, which will never come, are now complete. Does it seem strange, that word enemy? It is the only one used here, when the Northern men are spoken of. Cannon are planted in front of the Court-house, the jail, and in positions commanding all the main streets. The approaches to Charlestown are also strongly guarded. At Harper's Ferry there are companies of Virginia militia, and United States troops. At Martinsburg there are three or four hundred soldiers. Elsewhere it is the same.

The women of Charlestown labored earnestly yesterday to provide comforts for the newly-arrived warriors. They sewed bed-ticks all the afternoon, and in the evening the soldiers stuffed them with hay, brought in to them in big country wagons. Some of the churches are occupied by troops. But in the religious services yesterday, I learn that no allusion whatever was made to Brown, he having refused the spiritual ministrations of all the clergymen who have approached him.

The churches have all been taken possession of for barracks.

It is stated that Gov. Wise has sent spies into Ohio and Pennsylvania, and it is from their reports that large bodies of men are arming and moving towards Virginia that the military forces are being so largely augmented.

A letter from Huntingdon County, Pa., states that large bodies of armed men are moving towards Virginia, across the North Mountain, supposed to be on their way to Charlestown. These reports cause constant excitement among the people.

CHARLESTOWN, Tuesday, Nov. 29, 1859.

Gov. Wise has issued a proclamation, announcing that the State has taken possession of the Winchester and Potomac Railroad, and that on the first three days of December it will be used entirely for military purposes. He also warns the people of the State to remain at home on patrol duty on the day of the execution, to protect their own property. Women and children will not be permitted to approach the scene of the execution, and strangers are cautioned that there will be danger to them in approaching Charlestown, or near it, on that day; that, if it is deemed necessary, martial law will be proclaimed and enforced.

Gen. Taliaferro has also issued a proclamation to-day, announcing that all strangers who cannot give a satisfactory account of themselves will be promptly arrested; that all strangers approaching Charlestown, by railroad or otherwise, under the pretext of witnessing the execution of John Brown, will be met by the military and turned back or arrested. He also emphatically warns the people of the country to stay at home and protect their property, assuring them that information from reliable sources indicates that by so doing they will best consult their own interests. Several reporters of the Northern Press, having arrived at Harper's Ferry yesterday, were compelled by the military to return to Baltimore. It is said that Brown stated to a gentleman, yesterday, that he had now no hope of a rescue, on account of the extent of the military preparations; but that his boys would never have permitted his execution if there was any prospect of an attempt proving successful.

BALTIMORE, Tuesday, Nov. 29, 1859.

Passengers are not taken for Harper's Ferry on the railroad unless they previously satisfy the President and officers of the company that they have a legitimate business there, and by an arrangement with the Governor of Virginia they are furnished with passports.

CHARLESTOWN, Va., Tuesday, Nov. 29, 1859.

At Brown's request, few persons were permitted to see him yesterday. The Rev. Mr. Waugh, a Methodist clergyman, was with him some time, and again visited him today. Brown has also been much occupied with writing his explanatory letter. The spot of execution will probably be a field half a mile distant from the jail, where the land lies so that a vast concourse can witness the event. Brown is reported to have said to-day that he intended to make no speech from the scaffold, and that the precaution of a circle of troops to prevent his words being heard was needless. He also told me he has nothing in the way of a confession to offer. Gov. Wise has sent orders that no person shall be admitted to the jail until after Brown's execution.

There are now eighteen hundred soldiers here. By Friday morning there will be at least twenty-five hundred.

CHARLESTOWN, Wednesday, Nov. 30.

Brown will be executed just before noon on Friday. The Sheriff will take him in charge at 10 o'clock. The last privilege granted to Brown will be the choice between riding and walking to the scaffold.

Three passengers by the western train of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad were taken out of the cars to-day, on their arrival at Harper's Ferry, by the military there, and imprisoned. The parties arrested are merchants of Cincinnati, who were on their way to this city. At Grafton they were heard to express themselves quite freely in relation to John Brown and his family, expressing great sympathy for him and them. The conversation was heard by a man, alleged to be a spy of Gov. Wise's, who telegraphed to Harper's Ferry an account of the matter, and a description of the parties. When the cars reached there, the volunteers entered with loaded muskets and carried the men away, notwithstanding they earnestly protested their innocence.

Mr. Edgerton, Member of Congress from Ohio, is among the recent arrivals. He is on a mission from Brown's son to obtain the body of his father, but was informed to-day that no decision had been arrived at as to the disposal of the body, when he left for Harper's Ferry. [The military authorities had probably not been informed of Gov. Wise's order for the delivery of the body to Mrs. Brown.—*Ed.*] He went out of town, in an open wagon, guarded by four of the Black Horse Rangers.

MICHIGAN ANTI-SLAVERY CONVENTION.

To the Editor of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

THE Secretary of the Anti-Slavery Convention held in Adrian (Mich.), on Saturday and Sunday, the 5th and 6th of November, desired me, on his behalf, to forward to you the accompanying series of resolutions adopted by that Convention.

In doing so, it seems proper that I should say a word to you of that Convention, which was largely attended throughout its sittings, and of the soul-stirring words of PARKER PILLSBURY and G. B. STEBBINS. To you, who know the sterling merits of these speakers, little need be said. Mr. Stebbins was clear, logical, and at times truly eloquent, carrying the sympathy of the audience with him as he portrayed the woes and wrongs of slavery; while Parker Pillsbury spoke with a power and pathos deep and strong as were the mighty truths he uttered, portraying the terrible evils growing out of the slave system, and the guilt of all connected with it, and the righteous judgments of Heaven which were being inflicted on this nation in consequence of its guilty participation therein. Most of his hearers seemed to feel that he was an inspired messenger sent to warn the nation of its approaching ruin; an apostle to themselves of the sternest truth, and the faithful and unswerving advocate of the highest and best interests of humanity. The speakers adverted to the tragedy at Harper's Ferry, and the heroism of John Brown and his noble band of followers, as men whose deeds and words will stand embalmed in the world's memory along with those who have been its greatest benefactors.

But I will not detain you with any farther descriptions of the Convention; the resolutions will give a better idea of the spirit and character of its sessions than any words of mine. Suffice it to say that the Convention was *all* and *more* than its friends had anticipated.

Yours respectfully, JACOB WALTON.

Adrian, Nov. 10th, 1859.

RESOLUTIONS.

Resolved, That in American slavery we have the sum total of all villanies, the climax of all crimes and cruelties; a fearful development of the capacity of human nature to perpetrate and to endure the very woes and agonies of the perdition in Paradise Lost; wrongs so flagrant, so defiant, as that all ordinary rapes, robberies, rapines, piracies and murders, such as are generally practised and punished among men, become, in the comparison, almost virtues and graces fit for the kingdom of Heaven.

Resolved, That a slaveholder, *as such*, has no rights which any human being is bound to respect—no right to life, liberty or the pursuit of happiness—but from the moment he is in heart and purpose a slaveholder, he becomes an outlaw in the moral universe; a fit subject for the dread, detestation and execration of man, and the sure retributions of the just judgments of God.

Resolved, That the American Constitution, in requiring the rendition of fugitive slaves and the suppression of all attempts at insurrection on the part of slaves, and in making it TREASON, PUNISHABLE WITH DEATH, to aid them in such attempts to obtain their freedom, is most emphatically A COVENANT WITH DEATH AND AN AGREEMENT WITH HELL, of such a character as to make its destruction one of our first services to humanity and highest acts of worship and homage to God.

Resolved, That the governments of the slaveholding States are but organized bodies of thieves and robbers; and the recent attempt at Harper's Ferry to deliver some of their victims was an act of humanity and heroism of so divine a character as that the memory of the brave men who attempted it will be held in admiration by American posterity when the name and fame of Lafayette and Kosciusko shall have long been forgotten.

Resolved, That the African slave trade is already reënacted, in fact, if not in form; and the failure of the government to even fulfil its treaty stipulations to prevent it, or provide any vigorous measures for its arrest, or to punish as its own law provides the most desperate and daring pirates who carry it on, affords but another evidence that we live under a despotism the most fearful that now curses the earth, and that cannot too soon be hurled to the deepest and most irrecoverable destruction.

Whereas, by the conditions of the American Constitution, the entire national power is pledged to suppress any insurrection among the slaves; therefore,

Resolved, That should the slaves, in the true spirit of the Revolution of 1776, ever unsheath the sword of rebellion, and attempt by violence to obtain their freedom, our strongest sympathies, and our hands too (so far as we believe they can be *righteously* employed), shall always be on the side of the oppressed, and against the oppressor, in defiance of all constitutions, statutes, demands or decisions to the contrary.

Resolved, That all Underground Railroads to Canada are works and ways of darkness, incompatible with our dignity as citizens and our honor and humanity as men, and only to be endured until the Northern States enact laws or humanize public sentiment so as to sanctify their soil against kidnapping and slave-hunting, and so make it as free to the flying fugitive from Southern despots as it now is to the exiled Hungarians and Italians who are finding here an asylum and a home.

Resolved, That, as Abolitionists, we have faith in the power of love to overcome evil, in the potency of truth to supplant error; that we would urge all to "cease to do evil and learn to do well" to the slave, as the only path toward peace and safety; that it is our firm conviction that the only safety for this nation from a terrible baptism of blood is in becoming, in heart and deed, Abolitionists, without regard to what our laws, constitutions and pretended gospels may demand or teach; that if the people, the rulers, politicians and clergy will, in their blindness and narrowness of soul, refuse to act and teach the ideas of radical anti-slavery, they must expect worse than Harper's Ferry tragedies, or Nat. Turner insurrections, or Kansas border ruffianism, or Cumberland River outbreaks, and the blood shed in such fearful scenes will bear witness how dangerous it is to compromise with crime.

Resolved, That the late effort of Dr. Cheever and a few others among the clergy to form a "Church Anti-Slavery Society," and thus enlist the active aid of those who profess to love the slave, but do not wish to work for his freedom with those they call infidels—meeting, as it does, with evil suspicion, instead of candid fellowship, from the large majority of the Churches and clergy—not sustained, even, by the New York *Independent*, with all its anti-slavery professions—their late Convention in Boston attended by a mere handful of clergy and church-members from the thousands of professed lovers of the slave among evangelical Christians—has clearly shown how empty and poor is the love for humanity among the so-called orthodox sects.

ELISHA JONES President.
RICHARD GLAZIER. Jr., Secretary.

DESPOTISM IN WASHINGTON.—Dr. Daniel Breed, lately an Examiner in the Patent-Office, and now a Solicitor for patents, was arraigned in Washington, on the 22d ult., upon the charge of using "language calculated to excite slaves to insurrection," and only escaped from imprisonment by giving security, in the sum of $2,000, to keep the peace! We know Dr. Breed well, having boarded several years under the same roof with him in this city. He is an Orthodox Friend, habitually courteous in his manners and temperate in the expression of his opinions. He is a Republican, and the sentiments for expressing which he was arraigned as a criminal before a magistrate sitting under the authority of the National Government are precisely those held and habitually expressed by a majority of the people of the free States. Slavery annihilates the freedom of speech not only in the Southern States, but in the District ruled by the authority of Congress. This is what the North gets as the fruit of her insane devotion to a Union cemented by the blood of the slaves! Will the Representatives of the North longer submit to such despotism? We shall see.

A WORD FROM VERMONT.—A clergyman in Vermont, one of the faithful Abdiels of the pulpit, having occasion to write us on business, adds a few lines on the great topic of the hour, as follows:

"The people are awake on John Brown abolitionism. I have preached my Harper's Ferry discourse, from the text, 'Oppression maketh a wise man mad,' and I am threatened, by some of the Democracy who were hearers, with prosecution for *treason*. Let them go on. To-morrow is Thanksgiving, when I intend to add more to the treasonable words of the Sabbath's discourse. And then we are to hold a meeting here on the 2d of December, when we will give them still more to prosecute for. But light is being evolved—the work goes on—God is in it; and *the slave shall be free!*"

GERRIT SMITH, according to the latest reports, continues to improve. He has begun to realize his condition fully, and appreciates the importance of his medical treatment, as well as acquiesces in all the means used for his restoration. Information from Peterboro is to the effect that his family regard his cure as certain. Hon. Joshua R. Giddings, having lately visited Peterboro', says: "I learn that under his excessive labors his health failed some two months since; that he had been afflicted with dyspepsia, which of itself falls little short of insanity. His physician, and the physician of the Asylum, agree that his insanity is owing to ill health, and that he will recover as they may be able to restore his physical system to its proper tone."

MEETINGS ON THE DAY OF THE EXECUTION.—The friends of freedom in many places will hold meetings on the day of the execution. The Church of the Puritans in this city (Dr. Cheever's) has voted to observe the day as a season for humiliation and prayer. A meeting will be held in the Lecture Room from 10 to 12 a. m., the hour of the execution, which all who desire to do so are invited to attend; and in the evening the Church itself will probably be opened for a general meeting of all the friends of freedom, when addresses will probably be made by several speakers. We are not able to make a more definite announcement.

FREEDOM IN NEW YORK.—An Anti-Slavery Convention for Yates County will be held at Pen Yan on Tuesday and Wednesday, Dec. 6th and 7th, at 2 and 7 o'clock, p. m. Addresses will be delivered by Parker Pillsbury, Marius R. Robinson and others. There should be a grand gathering of the Friends of Freedom.

LIFE OF BROWN.—We learn that Mrs. L. M. Child is engaged to prepare a memoir of John Brown. She has in her hands an autobiography of the first thirty years of his life, and will have every facility for writing a faithful account of all that has since transpired. We are glad to know that the work is in such good hands.

THE REV. ANTOINETTE B. BLACKWELL will preach tomorrow (Sunday) evening, in this city, on the Harper's Ferry affair, at Lyric Hall. A crowd will no doubt rush to hear her.

WASHINGTON IRVING, the patriarch of American Literature, died suddenly, at his residence, at Sunnyside, near Tarrytown, on Monday evening, aged 78 years.

Special Notices.

☞ JUNIOR ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A stated meeting of the Junior Anti-Slavery Society will be held at Clarkson Hall, on Tuesday evening, Dec. 6.

ANNA R. JUSTICE, Sec'y.

☞ PHILADELPHIA FEMALE ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.—A stated meeting of the Philadelphia Female Anti-Slavery Society will be held at the Anti-Slavery Office, Dec. 8th, at 3½ o'clock, p. m.

☞ PHILADELPHIA FEMALE FAIR CIRCLE.—The Philadelphia Fair Circle will meet on Wednesday evening, Dec. 7th, at the house of Mrs. Child, No. 510 Arch street.

This will be the last meeting of the Circle previous to the Fair.

☞ JOSEPH A. DUGDALE will hold a religious meeting in the Presbyterian Church at Andrew's Bridge, Chester Co., Pa., on First day afternoon, the 11th inst., at 2 o'clock, p. m. On the day previous, at the same place and hour, "Uncle Joseph" will hold a meeting for all the little folks who will come to hear him.

☞ CIVIL AND POLITICAL EQUALITY OF WOMEN IN NEW YORK.—County Woman's Rights Conventions, to be addressed by Mrs. Frances D. Gage and Lucy N. Colman, will be held, at 2 and 7 p. m. of each day, as follows:

Bath, Steuben County	Tuesday,	Dec. 6
Havanna, Schuyler County	Friday,	" 9
Elmira, Chemung County	Tuesday,	" 13
Pen Yan, Yates County	Tuesday,	" 20
Lyons, Wayne County	Tuesday,	" 27

By Mrs. Tracy Cutler and J. Elizabeth Jones:

Angelica, Allegany County	Tuesday,	Dec. 6
Ellicottville, Cattaraugus County	"	" 13
Jamestown, Chautauqua County	"	" 20
Collins Centre, Erie County	"	" 27

Admission to p. m. sessions, FREE; Evening, 10 cts.

Advertisements.

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MISS JENNY LITTLE (six years old) will at each Levee sing Kitty Clyde, Our Country Girls and When I was Single; and dance a Scotch Hornpipe. She will give Levees at Brooklyn, in the Brooklyn Institute, Monday Evening, December 5th, and EVERY AFTERNOON AND EVENING (except Thursday evening), to December 17th, inclusive, at 3 and 7 1-2 o'clock. The well-known Vocalist and Pianist, Miss A. P. HIGGINS, of Boston, will preside at the Piano, and sing several Ballads.

Admission, 25 cts.; Children, 15 cts.; Children in the afternoon, 10 cents.

J. H. LILLIE, Agent. ALBERT NORTON, Manager.

Miscellaneous Department.

AN EARLY CHRISTIAN.

CHRISTIANS were on the earth ere Christ was born,
His laws, not yet a code, were followed still,
By sightless pagans, in the dark forlorn,
Groping towards the light, as blind men will:
Thousands of years ago men dared to die
Loving their enemies—and wondered why!

Who that has read, in Homer's truthful page,
Of brave Achilles, brooding o'er the corse
Of Hector sacrificed (less to his rage
Than iron custom's law, without remorse,
Claiming revenge for mild Patroclus slain!)
Can doubt he wished great Hector lived again?

Full half the tears he shed were Hector's due,
Whose noble soul he had to Hades sent—
Why? was Patroclus gainer? If they knew!
Methinks I see Achilles in his tent,
Beating his breast, and twitching at his hair,
Wanting a few words only—the Lord's Prayer!

And, more for his than Priam's sake, I feel
Rejoiced when I am told the good old man
Comes with his simple, fatherly appeal
For Hector's body; pointing out a plan
Of kindliness, atonement, and of peace,
That in Achilles' breast Hate's strife may cease.

What joy he must have felt to see a way
To turn him from Revenge's irksome path!
Like a worn seaman who descries the day,
After a night-watch mid the tempest's wrath.
Methinks I see him in his huge arms bear
Great Hector's body, with admiring care;

And, chuckling to evade the sentries dull,
Convey it through the sleeping camp with glee;
With sense of lightness, new and wonderful,
To grateful Priam's car. "What can it be,"
I hear him ask, "thus makes my bosom glow,
Showing such weakness to fallen foe?"

—*The Welcome Guest.*

A MEMORABLE MEETING IN BOSTON.

SPEECHES OF REV. J. M. MANNING AND WENDELL PHILLIPS.

[Two thousand people assembled in the Tremont Temple, Boston, on Saturday evening, Nov. 19 (being admitted by ticket at 25 cents each), to devise measures for the relief of John Brown's family. *The Liberator* says it was "a most significant and cheering indication of the wonderful change going on in public sentiment at the North, favorable to the cause of universal emancipation." The speech made on the occasion by RALPH WALDO EMERSON we gave, in substance, last week. We now give those of the Rev. J. M. MANNING, Junior Pastor of the Old South Church (Orthodox), and WENDELL PHILLIPS. The Chairman of the Meeting, JOHN A. ANDREW, Esq., in explaining the objects of the meeting, said:]

ON the issue before the meeting I expect no considerable acrimony of debate between the gentlemen of extreme orthodoxy and of extreme heterodoxy whom I shall have the honor hereafter to present to you upon this platform. Gentlemen, all of them, of marked, of intelligent, of decided opinions, and of entire respect for themselves and for their own individuality, they will each present such aspect of this great cause, and of this most touching and pathetic case, as occurs to them. It will not compromise Mr. Phillips that he sits upon a platform consecrated by the prayer of the Rev. Dr. Neale, and it will not compromise the Rev. Mr. Manning that he works to-night side by side and hand in hand with Ralph Waldo Emerson, in the cause of God and humanity (applause). Standing in the valley of the shadow of death—looking, each man, from himself towards that infinite and eternal centre of life and love and power, the Infinite Father—all differences between us mortals and men become dwarfed into infinite littleness.

Speech of Rev. J. M. Manning, of the Old South Church.

I feel greatly indebted to the gentleman who presides over this meeting, for the explanation he has made in regard to the objects which have called us together. The gentleman who called on me, and invited me to speak here this evening, told me—and if I have read the notice right in the paper, that also tells us—that this is a meeting in which we are to express sympathy for the *family* of John Brown (applause). And I suppose that if there were a destitute family in Boston, and I should take my little basket of provisions, and go to relieve that family, and should there meet the distinguished gentlemen who are on the stage this evening, and who are to speak to you, or if I should meet others of adverse religious sentiments who may be in the audience—I suppose we could each leave the little gifts we had brought, and go away without quarrelling. I cannot see any negative to the question. It seems to me it is all affirmative, so far as this is concerned—and if there is a negative, there is not an instinct of my humanity but cries out, and tells me not to be on that side. I suppose, from what I have heard, that, so far as religious sentiment is concerned, I am more nearly in sympathy with that prisoner in Charlestown jail, Virginia, than perhaps others who may address you this evening, and in this respect may number with myself that honored minister of Christ, who has led in our devotions this evening. You have expressed your sympathy with the family of John Brown by purchasing tickets; we express our sympathies by declaring our opinions—and it is rather difficult for me to speak without alluding to that outbreak at Harper's Ferry, and giving my judgment upon it; and though in some particulars I may differ from many who are present, probably from some who will speak, I think that in the main we shall agree.

The act of John Brown was not one to which I could have advised him. If he had come to me while he was meditating that undertaking, and asked me whether he should go forward or not, I should have told him to refrain. I should have said to him, "You will be performing an unlawful, a fool-hardy, a suicidal act." And yet, when I make this remark, I remember that we have filibusters who go to Central America to liberate those living under Spanish tyranny, as they call it; and it seems to me that if our General Government winks at their iniquity, it has no right to pounce upon John Brown for what he has done, because he is a weak man, alone, and because he has meddled with something which affects the relations of political parties. I could not have advised him to it, and yet, now that the event has taken place, I stand before it wondering and admiring (applause). I remember that it is something which he has been revolving in his mind for years, until his soul has become possessed with the idea. He *says* he is not insane. I believe he is a good man, and has been doing what he *thought* was right; and the only explanation I can now give is that he has been the instrument of Providence in this. The distinguished speaker who is to follow me would call it destiny; I should prefer to call it God, my heavenly Father, who has used this man, John Brown, as His sword, to inflict a wound on the Slave Power. Whatever we may say of it, he has been possessed by some power higher than man's. As I view it, he is God's finger coming forth in the halls of the great modern Belshazzar, and writing over against the wall those mysterious, yet appalling words, at which the monarch trembles and turns pale on his throne. While we are here this evening, knowing that our wives—if not present—and our little ones, stay safely in our homes, there are mothers in the Southern States, whom the Providence of God has made the wives of slaveholders, innocent of this great sin, who may say that Providence placed them in their present circumstances; and these wives and mothers to-night, as they gather their children around them, offer the prayer that they may be protected from the invader. And they will go to bed with weapons under their pillows, knowing that their streets are patrolled by an armed police. This is the condition of the Southern States; verily the tyrant trembles and turns pale in the midst of his revels (applause).

It has seemed to me that we might, perhaps, get a juster view of this transaction by comparing it with a parallel case, lying back two or three generations in history—the Boston Massacre of March the 5th, 1770. Then it was a black man sacrificing his life in behalf of oppressed white men. Here is a white man sacrificing his life in behalf of enslaved black men. Crispus Attucks, not a citizen of Boston, but of Middlesex County, came to this city when the inhabitants were full of terror, greatly excited by the presence of two regiments of British soldiers; and on the evening of March 5th, there was an outbreak in King street, now State street, headed by Crispus Attucks, which resulted in his own death and that of several of his comrades at the hands of the British soldiery. Now, if I had been living at that time, and Crispus Attucks had come to me, and asked my advice in regard to the matter, I could not have advised him to undertake it (laughter). I should have said to him, refrain, restrain your feelings. I think that Samuel Adams, and John Adams, and John Hancock, and Joseph Warren—one of his eulogists afterwards—would have given him the same advice, had he come to them for it beforehand; and I believe that few, if any, historians have commended that outbreak in King street. I have never seen a full and thorough endorsement of it in itself considered. But after the event, they had a funeral; and the citizens of Boston marched six abreast through the streets, the carriage following; and they carried Crispus Attucks and his fellow-victims to the middle burying-ground, now overlooked by the Athenæum, and over their remains erected a stone, and on it carved this inscription:

> "Long as in freedom's cause the wise contend,
> Dear to your country, shall your fame extend;
> While to the world the lettered stone shall tell
> How Caldwell, Attucks, Gray and Maverick fell."

And when the anniversary of that tragedy came round—the fifth of March—they observed it in the Old South Church, still standing (applause). There was an oration, and the wounded survivors of the massacre were present on the stage, in that "sanctuary of freedom," and a collection was taken in their behalf. And so it grew to a custom. And the last public address that Joseph Warren ever made, a few weeks before the battle of Bunker Hill, was on that occasion, when be was surrounded by British soldiery, some of them standing in the pulpit with him, telling him to desist. But he spoke on like a man (applause), and they did not dare to touch a hair of his head. And when the Declaration of Independence was promulgated, they changed that celebration, in honor of that event, from the fifth of March to the fourth of July (applause). Thus it is that we have come to have our annual oration on the fourth of July, which has given us so many excellent orations—Union-saving—whic [illegible] years have made our City Fathers so much pleasant work, all growing out of the same Boston massacre, to which I could not have advised the leader, if he had come to me beforehand (laughter). Even Daniel Webster has said that "from that moment," the moment when the blood of those men stained the pavement of King street, "we may date the severance of the British empire." And so I say, in regard to my brother John Brown—if he dies, as it seems he must, for the Virginians are between two fears—an immediate fear that a volcano will explode under them, and a more distant fear that they shall not reap the fruits of political success; and I am afraid that the immediate fear, as is apt to be the case, will overpower that which is more remote, and therefore that John Brown will suffer the sentence which has been pronounced upon him; and if he does, and if that event should be observed next year, when it comes round, and so on from year to year—and if, half a century hence, our children should be rid of this great national curse of slavery, then no one will refer, except with pride and exultation, to the battle of Harper's Ferry (applause). And there will come forth some other Daniel Webster, who, standing at a safe distance from the event (laughter and cheers), will say that from the time when John Brown swung between heaven and earth, we may date the beginning of the end of American slavery. There is another parallel in these two cases. It is amusing to read the journals of that early day, especially those in the interest of the English government, about the year 1770, and to see the curious explanations which they give of the outbreak in King street. They say that it was attributable to the influence of certain hot-headed ministers and others in Boston; some of them are named—names that we love and honor now. It was said that these had produced an excitement in the country, and encouraged a fanatical spirit, which had resulted in the mob and massacre. But what said the people of Boston? The selectmen called a town meeting, and they went to Faneuil Hall. It was not large enough to hold them; and again they went to the Old South Church. And they appointed a committee—of which, if I mistake not, Samuel Adams was the chairman—to intercede with the Governor, that those two regiments of British soldiers might be removed from the city; for, said they, in substance, we deplore this outbreak; we regret that it has taken place; we fear that there will be other outrages of the same kind, if the excitement is not taken out of the way. Our people are very much excited, and their consciences are awake in this matter; and if you would not see this affair repeated many times, you must remove the soldiers. And, after a great deal of chaffering and hesitating, the Governor complied with the request, and thus the inhabitants were pacified. Now we believe that they located the responsibility where it belonged. We believe that it was the presence of those regiments of British soldiers, and not a few hot-headed ministers, who were chargeable with that outbreak in King street. And just so we say with regard to this affair at Harper's Ferry. The journals in the interest of the Slave Power ascribe it to a few Northern fanatics, who have roused up the baser passions of men; and they say that *we* are responsible for the bloody acts of John Brown and his associates. But we say no—the *regiments* are to blame. The Slave Power itself, standing up there in all its deformity and wickedness in the sight of Northern consciences—that is the cause (applause), and there the responsibility belongs. The wise man Solomon—what does he say of oppression? He says that it "maketh a wise man mad." It *does*; and it will make others like John Brown, if it is not taken out of the way. It stands there a continual provocative. We cannot resist such a temptation while we have human instincts, and conscience within us (applause). We may become men of distinction, like John Brown of Osawatomie, and Providence will use *us* to write ominous inscriptions in the presence of this tyrant.

And now it occurs to me, before I sit down to give way to those whom I know you are waiting to hear—inasmuch as I have alluded to the removal of the great primal cause of these outbreaks—to speak of the spirit in which we should endeavor to remove the evil of American slavery out of the land. I do not wish to speak unkindly of any who have labored in this glorious cause of freedom, and I will not. But is there not room to suppose, my friends, that we have not manifested enough of that spirit of love which is so powerful in all reformatory undertakings? I do not take back my words; I would not have any man less faithful and plain-spoken, but more so, in holding up the wickedness and violence of this system. But cannot we be loving at the same time that we are manful? Let us be careful that the element of malignity does not mingle in our philanthropy. If we love our fellow-men, we must hate some things; but let us guard that feeling of hatred. My friends, you know how it is with the mother when she corrects her wayward child. You can see the tear in her eye, and her face is full of affectionate emotion, while she is faithful to correct that child. So with the father when he rebukes his son—he weeps and laments in his heart. Let us remember the story of Eva and Topsey. The abuse which that strange little creation received from her owners before she came into the hands of St. Clair did not make her any better, but worse; nor did the lecturing of Miss Ophelia accomplish the result. It was Eva, going to her and saying—"Topsey, you say nobody cares for you—I care for you—why will you be so naughty?" Faithfulness mingled with love, generosity and kindly interest breathed through her efforts to liberate that little one from her wicked whims. And I remember that when our Savior uttered his anathemas over the city of Jerusalem, he wept, saying, "Oh! that thou hadst known, but it is hid from thine eyes." And when he was pouring forth those maledictions upon the heads of the Pharisees, saying—"Woe unto thee, Chorazin; woe unto thee, Bethsaida"—or when in the midst of that storm, while his words fell like thunderbolts upon their devoted heads, in the midst of it all we hear the voice of love and compassion, musical as the tones of an Æolian harp—"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." It seems to me, my friends, that we have an *opportunity*, now, to exercise this generosity towards our fellow-citizens of the South. They are in danger; they tremble; they fear for their homes, their firesides, their families, their lives. Now is the time for us to endeavor to devise some means by which the chasm that separates us from them may be bridged over, so that we may go to them and say, "I love you; I do not wish to see your family murdered; I do not wish to destroy your property. But you are engaged in a great sin, American slavery. It *is* a sin. We must lift up our voices like a trumpet to show you that it is sinful. But we love you; it is a *national* sin; its roots are in Northern soil (applause) as much as in Southern soil. Let us reason *together* over this matter. And now help us; let us work hand-in-hand in endeavoring to remove from our country this great evil and curse." While we labor in this spirit—manfully, truthfully, faithful to justice and to the right, yet remaining fraternal all the while—if we can unite these two elements in one effort to remove slavery from the land, then it seems to me that we shall use influences which, under God's blessing, shall result ultimately in the accomplishment of that for which we pray and labor. And though it should not be done in our time, though we should be gathered to the fathers, and our enterprise should seem to be frustrated, yet when we lay our heads low we can reflect, as John Brown to-night in his lonely cell may reflect, and as his widow, we fear, that is to be, and his children and friends, may reflect—I say we can all feed our courage with the reflection that

> "They *never fail* who die
> In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;
> Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs
> Be strung to city gates and castle walls.
> But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years
> Elapse, and others share as dark a doom,
> They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts
> Which overpower all others, and conduct
> The world at last to freedom."

At the conclusion of Mr. Manning's remarks, Mr. Andrew (the chairman) said: I think the interior of the Old South Church has been extensively remodelled, and I believe the pulpit in which Warren spoke has been removed and replaced by a new one; yet I think the spirit of Joseph Warren sometimes at least revisits those ancient walls, sacred to liberty; and that we have heard an echo of his voice to-night (applause).

Speech of Wendell Phillips.

I hardly know, ladies and gentlemen, what there is left me to say, in regard to the cause which has called us together to-night. Certainly, the speakers who have addressed us have covered with wonderful and eloquent sympathy almost all the points which would be spoken of naturally in a meeting like this. And I believe it is an unwonted pleasure, at least to me, to know that a clergyman of the Old South pulpit has robbed me of the choicest morsel of the speech I was about to make (laughter). No man could come here to this meeting, Boston born, without that parallel in his mind which he has so eloquently presented to us of the massacre of the 5th of March. Then, as now, full-fed conservatism said it was "madness—a few insane men flinging themselves against an empire." Then, as now, the question was before the courts, and the courts pronounced the law to be against the martyrs of the 5th of March. They acquitted the men who shot Attucks. And my eloquent friend has omitted only one point of the parallel. Then, as now, the citizens flocked to the Old South Church as the appropriate place to express their indignation; and to-day, we do not go to the Old South Church, but, thank God, the Old South Church comes to us (applause). I like this "South-side view" of slavery (laughter and applause). It smacks of the Revolutionary flavor. If there is truth in spiritualism, the man who stands in the pulpit of the Old South Church is a medium betwixt Joseph Warren and John Hancock; for truly the sentiments with which they started up the patriotism of the town of Boston are identical with the doctrine which he has preached to us to-night (applause). True, as he has told us, the quiet history of modern times has picked flaws in the brave scenes of that March night, but he recollects well, or I do, that in John Hancock's oration, and Joseph Warren's, the men who felt the *full* flow of revolutionary fervor in their veins, and who felt what, standing at the head of the Revolution, they owed the martyrs of the 5th of March—in none of these contemporary judgments is there one word of adverse criticism. On the contrary, there is the fullest and most complete endorsement. I know modern history has picked many flaws in the character of the men of the 5th of March, and later down. One of the most beautiful and touching elements in this event is that, as far as we can see, if we had asked God to make us a man that should stand before the nation as the representative of the American idea, unspotted, dignified, modest, resolute, merciful and Christian, it would seem as if a more perfect representative could not have been given us than the martyr of Harper's Ferry (applause). In every word that he has spoken, in every act that he has done, in the whole history of the conflict and of everything that has followed it, in the long life upon which the blaze of this event throws backward its light, there does not seem to have been a trait that we cannot with a whole heart honor (applause). We have no apologies to make; we have no excuses to frame; we have no incidents to hide; we have no words to take back. It is the old Mayflower cropping out, and every son of the Pilgrims is able truthfully to say, that what we imagined Plymouth Rock, John Brown is (applause). Read that simple recital in *The Independent* from the lips of his wife; honest, truthful, kneeling daily at his family altar, bringing up his children with daily recognition of their allegiance to God, banishing from his military troops, even in the tumult of Kansas, every man whose lips were familiar with a profane word, allowing neither intemperance nor anything that could be called sensuality, drawing to himself the very model of the Puritans, passing his life in that guise, with one polar star before him from his very boyhood; for you know he says that the first thought that ever turned his heart toward the black race was when, on a Pennsylvania farm, a boy of ten, he found himself yoke-fellow with a negro of the same age—a smarter boy than himself, says the old man, more capable, brighter, and yet he was half-starved, snubbed, oppressed, turned out to the elements, treated like a beast, and he said to himself (this thoughtful boy of ten years old), "Why should a black skin make that difference between me and him?" and he has never been able to answer this question till to-day. His whole life has been an effort to answer it; and if Virginia sends him to his audit, we may believe that the Supreme Judge will hold that he has answered it at last. Look at him there in that Armory—not an unnecessary act of violence, not one moment provoked into intemperate action—neither by the death of kindred nor by the rudeness of assailants provoked into a forgetful moment. What scene can history paint for us more impressive? Thank God, it is an American scene. Then that old poor man, brought up at his mother's knees, and taught, in the language of inspiration, that "*he that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me,*" leaves wife and children, poor, friendless, stands behind that armory wall, one hand holding the musket, and the other trying the pulse of his dying son—match it in the sublime moments of human patience, human disinterestedness and human daring (applause). What a contrast to the State of Virginia—what a revelation of national character. The man who inflicted three wounds upon his body testifies, with shameless pride, bearing a military title, that he entered that Armory, saw an unarmed, defenceless man, who had acknowledged his surrender, and was pointed out to him as John Brown, advances toward him with his sword, and wounds him through the body; the old man, folding his arms, bares his head, and the wretch repeats the blow on his uncovered head ("Shame!" "Shame!"). The man was asked, "Could you have the heart to strike the blow?" "I would have cut his head off with another," said the chivalry of Virginia. Well, is not that, with the folded arms and quiet demeanor, a proper representative of what the Northern idea should be? Could we ask a better symbol for history? Do you say that the world forgets him? I tell you that such instances are not alone. They symbolize a universal feeling. Virginia has seen the only noble heart that this event has manifested within her borders—a girl throwing herself between the muskets and the defenceless breast of one of the victims, clinging to his head and neck to shield him from bayonet and bullet—Miss Foulke. She symbolized the heart of Christendom, throwing itself between Virginia and that infirm old man; and Virginia will yet wake up to the thing and see herself in the ruffian, and Christianity in that humane girl. So much for the man. We come here to remember his children, his wife. He looks back on the world he is quitting, and says to us who owe to him the example of such virtue: "I leave to you my wife and children." Let us prove worthy of the legacy. Let us send him a message to-night from Boston: "We lay your wife and children in the very corner of our hearts; they shall be sheltered; be sure of it before you die." Men say that this enterprise was hopeless. It was an imprudent enterprise. Goëths says there are prudent virtues and there are higher virtues—virtues that never remind us of prudence. This is one of the latter (applause). To be sure, it was an imprudent virtue, but we have lived many years and we have heard of a great many instances of imprudent virtue. I have lived twenty years in Boston. I can remember a Western clergyman of this same Mayflower blood—God be praised that it sends out its veins East and West to bubble up wherever it is needed; for wherever there is a fierce battle to be fought for an idea, you can trace its lineage back to old Plymouth Rock. They talk of building a large monument of granite, and the question down there is where to fix its foundation; well, I will tell you, they may lay one corner stone at Harper's Ferry and the other at Alton, where Lovejoy flung his life away in the foolish attempt, so Boston said, to vindicate a free press. An Attorney-General said in Faneuil Hall, "he died as the fool dieth"; and a Boston pulpit said, "the guilt of the murder was not on the mobocrats, but on the man that died." The Boston press said, "what a fool—what a fanatic—what a failure—what good has he done?" If you will go to Alton to-day, you will find that the repentant city has taken up his ashes and made him a more honorable monument to the only name that gives a moral interest to Alton. Some night, ten years hence, you won't find this platform so empty; all Boston will have found out that John Brown's enterprise was not a failure. When did man ever do more? Can you point me to a life even if it was sixty years long, and had statues raised to it, that taught the American people half as much in seventy years of public life as this Litchfield schoolmaster has taught the American people in a week? It seems to me that in judging lives, this man, instead of being a failure, has done more to lift the American people, to hurry forward the settlement of a great question, to touch all hearts, to teach us ethics, than a hundred men could have done, living each one to eighty years old. Is that a failure? Why, the whole world talks about him. Every man's heart is stirred because of him. A great State turns pale at the memory of him. The whole world will yet ring with the heroism of his attempt. He has opened a light upon the Bastile of America. Is that a failure? Look at that anti-slavery catechism, his conversation with Senator Mason. See the New England farmer looming up a great man, and the dwarf Judges and Senators that stand about him, and the press printing that anti-slavery catechism to the number of 500,000 copies, forcing every American citizen to read it. Why, men say he should remember that lead is wasted in bullets, and is much better made into type. Well, he fired one gun, and he has made use of the New York *Herald* and *Tribune* for a fortnight (applause). Has any man ever used types better? But there is another item. What has he done? He has done this. Edmund Burke says that a nation that calls itself a civilized society and keeps one-half its citizens in slavery is but another name for tyranny. Well, John Brown believed it. We see in this country despotism doing great things illegally, and liberty doing nothing at all exactly according to law. We have seen the Missouri ruffians break into the United States armory in the State of Missouri, take possession of the United States arms, carry them to Kansas and bathe them in the blood of honest men, and the United States government has yet to utter its first word of criticism. Sworn testimony, spread out on the pages of a Congressional document, shows it; and yet the government is silent. John Brown takes possession of the United States armory in Virginia and never touches a gun nor a dollar. The world says he is a madman, guilty of treason, and the United States government is about to try him; that is, to try him in the person of his confederate. They ought to have tried him at first, but you recollect, in the words of the Dred Scott decision, the United States government has no rights which Virginia is bound to respect. The consequence is, that Virginia, after trying the men, has left the United States government only a test man to try the question. Now, John Brown takes these two principles. He says by the whole rule of ethics in civil society that justifies it. Justice is but a sham in the government; I look up at the United States government, and I see that it has a rule that suits its party purposes, not justice. It is not permanent, it is not impartial, it is not universal. Well, such a man as our friend Brown, who, at least, recognizes justice as more than law, and right as his polar star, determines that he will do what in him lies to establish justice. Men say that he is flinging away his life. That is for him to judge. Men say that the result is not worth the sacrifice. Well, now, suppose I could carry you back to Boston streets on the evening after Bunker Hill fight. I will carry you into Hutchinson's house; I will carry you into the parlors of any of the old colonial families. You will hear them saying, "What a pity—Warren's dead; Hancock and Adams have fled; there is a warrant out against them: those deluded soldiers, Mayhew, and Warren, and Sam Adams; how can these men answer it to the widows and children; what fools, a few farmers to fling themselves against the embattled phalanx of the British government." Well, it looked so to men who were accustomed to look up to England; doubtless the tories strengthened themselves, and many a patriot heart sank. But it was the beginning of the end. Was Warren's life worth giving? What did he establish? He established the example of resistance. He bade the colonies try their strength. He showed them that blood was equal to blood, and that right was right the world over. Luther faced the Princes of Germany, and he went home and the Princes hid him, and the Catholics said, there is your brave man that dare not show himself in the streets; what a boaster he is—a ruined man. The world always attacks us on the eve of one of those defeats which is a victory. But this is Brown's position. Dr. Channing said, in one of his last essays, we have glued our swords to our sides; we have pledged the physical force of the State against the black man, and in favor of oppression; we are all the more bound by every Christian and humane consideration to let no opportunity slip for giving our moral influence in behalf of the slave. That is the way it lay in Channing's mind. We have given the sword to the white man; now give our tongues to the black. John Brown reasoned differently; he was a Calvinist of the old stamp. The faith is said to be at some discount now; but after John Brown, I think we may pardon a dozen New York *Observers*. He said for sixty *years* we have given the sword to the white man; the time has come to give it to the black. What right had we to give it to oppression? You say it is the government; you say it is the law; you say there is a parchment oath bid back there in 1787. Well, he said to himself, I wonder if, when I go up to God, when, according to Hindoo phrase—"Alone thou wast born, alone shalt thou die, and alone shalt thou go up to judgment"—if when God asks me what did you do for those that are in bonds, *when* I ordered you to have a heart as bound with them, can I bide myself under the cobweb Constitution of 1787? And he said to himself, lo in that hour when I shall stand alone before the judgment seat eternal, as an American with the guilt of two generations of forgetfulness on my heart, I will carry up the gratitude of the black race in my right hand. If my fathers sinned by promising to support the tyrant in his tyranny, I will not put off repentance to my children; but I will give the best I have, my life and my right hand, for the service of those whom my fathers forgot. In 1787 Massachusetts said, "Let me go home and make money; let me go home and fill my harbors with commerce; let me hear the noise of the shuttle; let me see luxuriousness climb up the sides of my hills, and I swear to forget the bondmen; aye, in the language of one of the sons that is to be born to me, 'I will be ready to buckle on my knapsack to put down the slave insurrection if it should occur.'" And for sixty years she has stood with her foot on the heart of the black man. When the slave in his Carolina hovel was calculating his chances of escape, he brought into the scale against his hopes the marshalled ranks of the white men that he was to pass through before was to reach the foreign soil. He saw us standing pledged to put him down. No protest that we could utter could reach him. Our white faces under the Constitution of 1787 were conclusive demonstration against us that he had nothing to hope from us. John Brown has taught him, at Harper's Ferry, that there is hope for him amid the millions of the North. He has sent the gleam of a hopeful sun into the swamps of Carolina; he has taught the heart of the bondman to leap up and thank God for the Mayflower. If he has not taught the slave insurrection, and I do not think he has, he has sent him this message: "There are friends for you working—abide your time and help us." I think, therefore, he has taught us a great lesson. He has exemplified a great moral; he has relieved us from a servility to forms; he has taught us to pierce down to the essence of things. One of these essences is this: Can you look at that old man, on his pallet on the banks of the Potomac; can you know what he is there for, and can your heart gird itself up to accuse him? Can you look back to his home and not encircle it with your protecting arms? He has taught us the sacredness of impulse. Men say he will die. Perhaps he will. That indictment is a rag. It is a net with every thread broken. You might expect it—no blame to Mr. Hunter. He prepared it when a whole State was quaking in an earthquake, and had five minutes to do it in. You might have as well asked a man to model a constitution under such circumstances. It is no shame to Mr. Hunter that he has put on record an indictment with rents in it so large that you might drive the whole population of Charlestown through it, and not touch either side (laughter). Every criminal lawyer knows it. Some men are verdant enough to believe that there is professional character and legal pride and State dignity in the Virginia Court of Appeals to sustain the objections to that indictment. Well, I do not believe it. I do not believe there is anything in Virginia but a puff. There is nothing there to make a Judge out of. If there was anything there that had any professional pride, feeling the eye of the legal profession upon them, they would scout the indictment as a disgrace to the annals of judicial record. But there is not. Virginia, with all her refinements, is too frightened to know which way she is looking; and if John Brown was a raving maniac, with both hands tied, he would be hung all the same. That is my belief. And yet every lawyer knows there isn't yet a thread on which to hang him. But Virginia will find the warrant in her fears. But if he is sacrificed, the banks of the Potomac will be doubly dear to history and to man, for the ashes of Washington rest there, and history will see forever on its bank that old man on his pallet arraigned before the pirates. And if they hang him, the Father of his Country will be proud to make room for his ashes beside his grave (great applause). And let history add to the record that he left wife and daughter, and they found son and father and husband in the American people, that never forgot to tend their footsteps and to shelter them while God spared them the sight of those in whose veins the blood of the great martyr is running (immense applause).

ITALY, 1859.

WAIT a little: do *we* not wait?
Louis Napoleon is not Fate;
Francis Joseph is not Time;
There's One hath swifter feet than Crime;
Cannon-parliaments settle nought;
Venice is Austria's—whose is Thought?
Minnié is good, but, spite of change,
Gutenberg's gun has the longer range.
Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!
Lachesis, twist! and Atropos, sever!
In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headsman waits forever!

Wait, we say; our years are long;
Men are weak, but Man is strong;
Since the stars first curved their rings,
We have looked on many things;
Great wars come, and great wars go,
Wolf-tracks light on polar snow;
We shall see him come and gone,
This second-hand Napoleon.
Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!
Lachesis, twist! and Atropos, sever!
In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headsman waits forever!

We saw the elder Corsican,
And Clotho muttered as she span,
While crowned lackeys bore the train
Of the pinchbeck Charlemagne—
"Sister, stint not length of thread!
Sister, stay the scissors dread!
On St. Helen's granite bleak,
Hark, the vulture whets his beak!"
Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!
Lachesis, twist! and Atropos, sever!
In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headsman waits forever!

The Buonapartes, we know their bees,
That wade in honey, red to the knees;
Their patent-reaper, its sheaves sleep sound
In doorless garners under ground:
We know false Glory's spendthrift race,
Pawning nations for silver and lace;
It may be short, it may be long—
"'Tis reckoning day!" sneers unpaid Wrong.
Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!
Lachesis, twist! and Atropos, sever!
In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headsman waits forever!

The cock that wears the eagle's skin
Can promise what he ne'er could win;
Slavery reaped for fine words sown,
System for all and rights for none,
Despots at top, a wild clan below,
Such is the Gaul from long ago:
Wash the black from the Ethiop's face,
Wash the past out of man or race!
Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!
Lachesis, twist! and Atropos, sever!
In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headsman waits forever!

'Neath Gregory's throne a spider swings
And snares the people for the kings:
"Luther is dead; old quarrels pass;
The stake's black scars are healed with grass":
So dreamers prate; did man e'er live
Saw priest or woman yet forgive?
But Luther's broom is left, and eyes
Peep o'er their creeds to where it lies.
Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!
Lachesis, twist! and Atropos, sever!
In the shadow, year out, year in,
The silent headsman waits forever!

Smooth sails the ship of either realm,
Kaiser and Jesuit at the helm;
But we look down the deeps and mark
Silent workers in the dark,
Building slow the sharp-tusked reefs,
Old instincts hardening to new beliefs:
Patience, a little; learn to wait;
Hours are long on the clock of Fate.
Spin, spin, Clotho, spin!
Lachesis, twist! and Atropos, sever!
Darkness is strong, and so is Sin,
But only God endures forever!

Atlantic Monthly for December.

CURIOUS CORRESPONDENCE.

A CORRESPONDENCE of rather curious character has taken place between Mr. William Howitt and Charles Dickens, on the suggestion of a writer in *All the Year Round*, that ghosts were "thoughts," and had no actual, independent existence. Mr. Howitt recapitulates many striking instances of the decided personality of these shadowy beings, and says: "Whoever sets himself to resolve all the ghosts that have appeared in this blessed world, from Job's apparition, which made his hair stand on end, or Brutus's evil genius, down to that of Capt. Wheatcroft, which the other day compelled the War Office to correct the date of his death before Lucknow, in the official return into thought suggestions—will leave Don Quixotte and his windmills amazingly far behind." Mr. Dickens replies, vindicating the genuineness of the cases in *All the Year Round*, and states that he himself has always taken a great interest in these matters (and has even lived in a famous haunted house in Kent, now shut up); but requires evidence such as he has not yet met with, and "that when he thinks of the amount of misery and injustice which constantly attend us in this world, which a word from the departed dead could set right, he *would not* believe, *could not* believe in the War Office ghost without overwhelming evidence."

FOR THE ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD.

MADGE VERTNER.

BY MATTIE GRIFFITH.

CHAP. XVII.

[Concluded from last week.]

RUTH looked surprised as Aunt Polly and Rachel entered, but began to smile quite complacently when Aunt Polly said,

"Dis here is my frien' Rachel, Ruth; she has come to make me a call, an' I has brung her down to see de house, as I knowed you was a airin' an' puttin' 'tings to rights, an' wouldn't mind showing me roun' a bit."

"Oh, no! I'se glad to see yer frien', Aunt Polly, an' will show her all de rooms in de house if she'll only 'scuse de order dey is in at present." Looking over to Daniel, she added, in what she meant to be a very stylish sort of manner, "Dat young gemman is Mr. Dan'el Vartner." Daniel acknowledged the introduction by a very polite bow, and immediately laid aside his towel, forgot his work and drew a chair up near the group.

"Oh, don't stop your work on my account," said Rachel; "we can talk just as well if you go on with your business."

"'Tain't no sort of consequence; I'se plenty o' time, an' had jist as lieve rest a bit as not; but you look tired; let me give you a glass o' wine—thar is some very good close by."

Rachel, who well knew that Daniel had no right to make this offer, and knew that he was only purloining it from his master's cellar for the purpose of making a show, declined taking any, saying she never drank wine; but Ruth and Daniel both insisted, and even Aunt Polly ventured to suggest that Rachel might as well indulge after her long walk, adding that she believed "the wine was quite handy."

"Git some, Dan'el; I'm sure Miss Rachel'll drink a drop when you brings it up; an' I'll git some cake, so as she can hab some lunch," said Ruth.

Aunt Polly knew all this was contrary to the slave's duty, but she had, in common with all other politicians, public and domestic, a sort of private casuistry by which she reconciled these little peccadilloes with her otherwise strict ideas of honesty; she believed, and sometimes went so far as to express it, "dat niggers had a right to all dey could eat an' drink dat belonged to dar masters; an' if it wasn't give to 'em, dey had a right to take it fur 'emselves." To speak the truth, we are somewhat of her way of thinking, and quite justify the slave in this kind of larceny. Since his master goes into the larger system of stealing the time, life and body of the slave, why should not the other, in a smaller way, imitate the example furnished by his master?

Daniel soon returned from the cellar with two bottles of the famous "Sparkling Catawba," and Ruth brought out a plate of fruit cake, some cheese and crackers, with a little of her mistress's most delicate currant jelly, which she ventured to say would do "for a relish."

A small table was drawn out in the centre of the room, plates of white and gold china (belonging to Mrs. Vertner's most elegant tea set) were furnished, and wine served in the Bohemian glasses. It was really a comically pleasant sight to see those three negroes—who had been used to take their meat and bread as best they might, sometimes on plates, but oftener in their hands, in the roughest and quickest manner—now partaking of an exquisite collation, using the best table-furniture, and drinking the best wine their master's cellar could afford.

"Doesn't yer like de flavor of dis wine, Miss Rachel?" inquired Daniel, as he drained off his glass and replaced it upon the table with a slight sort of jingle, as he had often seen his master do. "I likes it much better than that sour hock; an' as fur claret, it ain't got enuff sperit in it for me."

"No," said Ruth, lolling back in the chair and poising an amber-colored wine glass upon her finger, "I doesn't at all like dat sour wine; it kind o' riles me all up an' makes me as sick as dough de gall-bag had broke in my stomach. Now, I likes dis de best; it makes me feel light like. We had some of dat bitter t'other day, an' it didn't 'gree wid me." As if to enforce her words, she gave her head a gentle toss, and, by some unlucky chance, she let the glass slip from her finger; it fell to the floor and was shivered to fragments. "Laws, Dan'el, you made me do dat 'ar—yer know you did," she exclaimed in terror; but, alas for the truth of her accusation, Daniel had been standing some distance from her at the time of the luckless accident.

"I'se bin a watchin' yer, Ruthy, and I jist knowed dat was gwine to happen; 'peared as dough I seed it fall afore it did," said Aunt Polly.

"Den, may be you sot a spell on it. I'se hearn o' sich tricks bein' done afore now."

"Wal, we hadn't no right to be a usin' of white folks' t'ings, an' dat is de reason it happen'd; fur my part, I done 'gin to 'pent o' my part and shar' in dis bisiness, an' wishes I could throw up off o' my stomach all dat I'se swallowed, for it wa'n't right to be a-robbin' of our master."

Daniel, who valued the privilege of showing himself a munificent host far more than he feared punishment, put on quite a lordly air and endeavored to treat the whole matter as the most trifling affair. With something of the grand gentleman's manner, he said:

"What does yer mean, Aunt Polly? 'Tain't no kine o' conserquence; it's only one wine glass dat is broke. Who keres fur dat? Missus ain't gwine to notice it. I doesn't even b'lieve it's worth talkin' 'bout; let it pass frum yer minds; don't speak of it; it's no sort o' conserquence. Here's another—a red one. Let me fill up yer glasses agin, ladies, an' we'll drink to de health of Col. Vartner."

"I 'grees to dat," said Ruth, who had recovered from her fright; and as Daniel gave her another glass, he said, *sotto voce*:

"Be perticklar wid dat glass; don't git in any more o' yer ways an' smash it." Then, filling the glasses of the others, Col. Vertner and Madge were separately pledged.

Rachel was growing tired of the frolic, and began to fear that the definite object of her visit would not be attained if this style of entertainment continued; so she ventured to remind Aunt Polly that her time was limited, and the day wearing on.

"Laws, yes, honey; an' I promised yer dat Ruth would show you de house. Here, Ruthy, kan't yer take Rachel an' me through de rooms?"

"Of course I ken, an' am happy to do it too. What's my keys, Dan?"

"Now yer see, Miss Rachel, what kine o' housekeeper we has here; if 'twasn't fur me, Ruthy would lose her keys." So saying, Daniel drew from his pocket a huge bunch of keys. Ruth snatched them from him, with a half peevish, half playful speech, then, requesting Rachel and Polly to follow her, led the way through the mansion. She conducted them with pride through the wide, airy hall into the elegant parlors, the sitting room, the library and breakfast apartment.

"Yer see the house don't look so nice as common; the curtains is all down, an' the picters kivered, an' a good many little ornaments put away till missus comes back. I'm jist tryin' to git things inter order afore they gits here."

"And when are they coming?" asked Rachel.

"Oh, Mrs. Mason's man was here yisterday to say his missus had a letter from Miss Helen, sayin' they was comin' the fust of next week, and dat my missus sent me word a gentleman was a-comin' 'long with 'em, an' I must have de spar room ready; so I'se jist as busy as ken be. But, Rachel, wouldn't you like to see Miss Madge's room? Jist foller me up stairs."

Everything in that strange little chamber struck Rachel with surprise; she looked around upon the guns, the stuffed animals, the queer pictures and the oddly-painted floor, and her amazement was very strongly expressed in her face.

"Ain't it a quare room?" said Ruth. "Miss Madge is more like a boy 'an a gal; she gives her ma a heap o' trouble 'bout her bein' sich a Tom-boy. Missus thinks it orful, an' she scolds enuff 'bout it; but master, he jist laughs an' says Miss Madge must have her own way. Peter says dat Miss Madge is a fair angel. Don't yer know 'at she went into town to see Jack an' Milly when dey was in jail, an' dat she jist stood up to her pa an' dat trader an' spoke her mind right out. She made master promise not to sell 'em, an' she don't know yit but what dey is hired out. When she git's word dey is down de river, she'll make an orful fuss, fur she's got a mighty strong way o' her own, she has." Aunt Polly shook her head as she finished this sentence.

"I tell you what," said Daniel, "I'd jist give my life to sarve Miss Madge. I don't b'lieve none of the talk I hears at meetin'; I didn't begin to know what dey mean by religion till I heard Miss Madge talk 'loog wid missus one evenin'. She knowed all 'bout Milly and Jack's runnin' off, for she heard 'em, the very night they went off, a-talkin' under her winder, an' she never told on 'em. I heard her tell missus she heard it. An' that's what I calls religion."

"Well it was, but I never knowed dat she knowed 'bout 'em gwine off, Dan," said Aunt Polly; "but, den, she is jist one of de best gals dat ever was born, an' dar ain't a nigger on dis place, from de biggest to de littlest, but loves her like dar life."

"Yes, but I allers wonders dat she don't love to dress finer, an' go, like oder young white ladies, to balls. I wish she'd go to town an' let me go 'long to wait on her. She ain't got noos of 'em lady ways; she don't like to ride in de carriage, but gits on her pony an' goes 'bout de country by herself. Dat ain't right, miss knows."

"You hush, Ruth," put in Daniel; "don't yer say nothin' 'bout Miss Madge."

This conversation surprised and pleased Rachel; she was delighted to hear such glowing accounts of Col. Vertner's child from those who knew her so well; she saw at once that the master and mistress were both forgotten in the deep reverence with which the slaves regarded their young mistress.

"I am glad to hear that Miss Madge Vertner is such a kind and good-hearted person," she said with great earnestness; and, giving another long look at the room, as if to daguerreotype it upon her mind, she declared that as the day was wearing away so rapidly, she must be setting out for home. In taking leave of Col. Vertner's servants, she thanked them cordially for their kindness; and though they invited her to come to see them again, it was noticed that she did not reciprocate the politeness by asking them to her cabin.

When Rachel was gone, Ruth called her "an impudent free nigger, stuck up an' proud because she was light colored and free"; but Aunt Polly smoothed it over saying that "Rachel forgot to ax 'em, she knowed."

A thousand strange thoughts and old memories were aroused in Rachel's mind, as she retraced her homeward steps. The rich man's house, the account of his wild and spirited child, the devotion of the negroes to her, mingled up in the mulatto's mind with other thoughts, and she went plunging through her own past, digging up recollections that she had well-nigh forgotten. Though the orbit of her life had been comparatively small and insignificant, we do not know what worlds of beauty and stars of promise may have shone along the horizon of her spirit. And now, when weary with the exercise and excitement of the day, she paused to rest by the wayside, and, throwing off her sun-bonnet, wiped the damp from her brow and pushed the masses of heavy black hair from her forehead; her eyes shone out with a strange and beautiful lustre; she looked like a sybil. A gentleman who was passing by seemed suddenly struck by her appearance and expressed his admiration in a very decided look, which brought the red blood in flashes and ripples to her brow and cheeks; but there was that in the mien and glance of the man which told her he was a gentleman and that she had no reason to fear insult from him. This stranger (who was no other than the Yankee schoolmaster whom we have heard) really wished to stop and talk with her, but was deterred by a fear that it might imply insult to her color, and so he passed with only that kind, admiring look which first startled her. When she reached the cabin, she found everything quiet and still; but Maria, who was fast shut in the closet, told her that she had heard men's voices round the cabin, and that some one had tried to open the door and had knocked twice three times at the window. This alarmed Rachel, and made her long the more intensely for Col. Vertner's return.

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